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THE COURAGE OF A QUAKER MAIDEN

A ROMANCE OF OLD PHILADELPHIA

By Sarah M. H. Gardner

WITH DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

I TELL the tale as it has come down to me by word of mouth, for sure am I that not a line of it was ever writ, and, in the telling, it behooves me to miscall the proper personages, since with all the passage from the lip of one generation to the ear of another, and the certainty concerning the transactors, no mention hath been made of their full cognomens.

But the lesson which is borne to the young of our kin is unmistakable, and well may the moral be further transmitted, through the reiteration of the great maxim, that the working out of the Divine will may not be thwarted.

There be papers carefully husbanded proving to the truth that the blood which coursed through the veins of my ancestry coursed also through the veins of the man mighty in arms, but methinks mightier in the love of God (albeit the ways of the world clung steadfastly about him)—the man chosen by his fellows to be as a beacon to the oppressed; and perchance, save for this tie of blood, unacknowledged through diversity of faith, my tale might not have had its inception. Yet I make no doubt, through some other agency than that of Anne Parsons, the wrong would surely have been righted.

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My kinsfolk at the time of the American Revolution dwelt just within the pale of the city, Joshua Parsons being concerned in the building up of a trade in leather. Of his home life we know that the family circle was small, and that peace and plenty had reigned beneath their roof up to the period of that singular reaching out with a mailed hand after the betterment of the conditions of the poor and humble.

Stern in the holding of his religious tenets, the good man could not release himself from an obligation to regard all persons as his brethren, and to make war upon any human being was a perilous risk to the soul; therefore, though of exceeding plainness of speech in matters secular as well as religious, Joshua Parsons denounced measures of blood, and urged it upon his fellow citizens that they rely on the peaceable warfare of petition.

History has justified the resort to arms, and there we may find the data connected with the occupation of the city of Philadelphia by the British in the fall of 1777. It was then that a peculiar burden was laid upon many, specially those who bore the name of Quaker. It behooved them to fight the good fight honestly but silently, and so it came that the speech of this household concerning the things of the present was small.

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To Anne, the seventeen-year-old daughter, had been given an impetuous nature. To curb this temper, and to cultivate within her the graces of patience and humility, had been the care of her guardians, and at this period there seemed a fair chance of a beautiful soul enriching the world's waste places.

I know that she was small and dark, with brown eyes lighting, like the evening stars, great shadowy spaces beyond. That she was quick of gesture and rich in smiles, and that she spoke with melody in her voice. That her affections were warm, her mind keen in the pursuit of knowledge, and that the momentous events transpiring about her thrilled her with their interest. But with all this she was dutiful, and followed the counsel of a wise mother in her daily life.

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The little family rested not from their attendance at meeting, albeit the very presence of the soldiery surging up and down the streets, in an unseemly way, bore a strange discordance with the decorous gravity of the worshipers, and many a day Anne was carefully, though unostentatiously, guarded in her progress to the House of the Lord. Whether, as her after history lays suspicion, the maiden kept eyes and ears alert, and thus gained much worldly wisdom, I know not, but otherwise how came it that when the acquaintance with men of fashion fell in her way, she was quite ready in the light wit of her time, and stepped into an unknown arena with the full powers of her adversary?

Far be it from me to set down aught in malice, and yet naught would I extenuate, but repeat a true, unvarnished tale, the moral whereof will be revealed unto the reader in strict accordance with his reception of the light that never shall grow dim.

It fell out, during the early autumn of that eventful year, that a distant kinswoman, having a mind attuned to pleasure, was about to be left without her spouse in a large mansion fronting upon Spruce Street, and it was to Joshua Parsons that she applied for permission to invite young Anne to become her companion for a short period. This favor, I fear me, he was loath to grant; but, considering the question for a season, he felt that the guidance of the Heavenly Spirit would be as easily manifested in Spruce Street as in the remote district where his own hearthstone was lain.

We may well surmise the delight of the girl, whose desire for change was certainly not less than that of other young persons, and she bade her parents a most kindly and affectionate farewell, little reckoning that this turn in the tide of her fortune held within its course momentous destiny.

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Good Madam Speedwell (for so the kinswoman shall be named here) received her with open arms, and scarce had the tread of the coach horse died upon their ears before she began laying plans for the entertainment of her companion. Even then came a messenger bearing a missive asking for Madam's presence, with her husband, at a festal board, and her quick speech betrayed her great content thereat.

"Methinks this the very opening wedge that I would drive. It is easy to answer that,

AT LENGTH THEY CAME BEFORE A SCENE OF BLOODSHED

SHE CAST A GLANCE DOWNWARD TO HER OWN SIMPLICITY

my spouse being absent from home, I will fill his seat with a charming maid."

Anne, full of honest purpose, made reply: "Alas! that thee should trouble thine own good heart, or thy kindly acquaintance, with so simple a person as myself. Let me abide at home, for to fetch a maid when a man were asked seems like to provoke much discontent."

Whereat the Madam laughed gayly, saying, "You know not the need of maids to match the array of gallantry that now crowds our dinner-tables. They will welcome thee."

Anne started with surprise at that remark, and the fresh color sprang to her flesh.

"Surely, thee means not to carry me, a Quaker maiden, among the gallants?"

"Surely do I thus, indeed."

"I am not clad as one of these, nor know I if my parents would approve."

"Rest in peace, my gentle Anne; there is need of no garment that I have not in my wardrobe; and as for the consent of thy staid relatives, I have assured myself of that in asking for thy companionship."

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How near the truth the statement touched it is not for me to speculate. But Anne was persuaded, and when once she had listened to the written response to Madam's admission that her spouse was absent, there remained little but pleasure in the prospect.

The city was gay with many lights, and much display of military equipment, as the carriage bore the pair toward Rittenhouse Square, and Anne had never seen such splendor as dazzled her eyes when they descended from the chamber. She cast a glance downward to her own simplicity, and heaved a sigh, which, hearing, Madam was moved to whisper, "In a plain gray gown and a gauzy kerchief you are more to my heart than these rainbow-decked ladies, and Nature has given you gems which they will jealously despise you for owning."

In a moment there was a stir, and the guests moved forward to the feast. Anne was matched with a young officer so gaudy in his accoutrements, so ingenuous in his youthful spirits, so handsome in feature, that she quite forgot herself, and listened in rapture to the very sound of his voice. For a little she observed nothing else, then, casting her eyes over the company, she saw, opposite them, a pair of ill-mated fashionable folk.

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In a moment the butterfly, now known through us as Margery Granger, spoke in a winning way.

"Major, have tropical birds lost their charm, that you must coddle the dove?"

She reckoned not if Anne would comprehend. And the gallant, inclining lightly to one side, murmured, "The world would not be the Heaven it is to some of us without both the birds of plumage sang and the soft-eyed dove cooed under our eaves."

Then Anne, watching the lady, saw her uplift her brows and shrug a pair of shoulders as white as new-fallen snow, and she read aright the disappointment which had placed her beside the popular Major. Remember that the girl's teaching had been all for a repression of selfishness, and so she half rose, murmuring, "Please, will thee let me change my seat? Full well I know this chair would best enhance the pleasure of yon lady," and the Major, casting one look of admiration, touched her arm softly.

"Pray be seated; no change could enhance my pleasure," while the cold face opposite relaxed, and the man bending toward Anne whispered, "Come."

Then she saw truly that the beauty of the gay Margery darkened, and her enmity was assured, but the Major took no note; his light voice floated across the board.

"Tell me, oh, maid of high degree, how doth the fortunes of war accord with your desires?" and before the reply could reach Anne, he had managed to whisper in her ear, "Gossip hath it, that Mistress Margery knoweth full well the secrets of the rebel General," and with this floated her soft accents, "Much to my liking, indeed."

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"And now, my little Quaker dame, pray tell me thine own measure of content. Sure we have here in this peaceful garb no carping critic of His Majesty's great resolve?"

Strange seemeth it to me, that, so quick as the breath could rise to her red lips, "It bodes no good to cavil at our rulers," said little Anne, albeit her heart was wedded to the cause of independence.

"Bravo," and both the men who listened smiled. Not so the gay woman, who sang half openly, "Where'er a lover trends his way," and caused the men to grow full grave and glance away from Anne.

I know not how the talk ran on, but this was sure. Mistress Margery told more than was for the good of the cause of Liberty, and told it with a vim that touched the spirits of her listeners, so that Anne made bold to turn the informer into a jest and thus overthrow the injury done by her.

"Since when," she cried, "have ladies worn the spurs? Surely thou knowest, or givest us things to ponder, which no man, knowing, would betray—and thus must it be—thou art a sorceress, given to charms that draw the truth like leeches draw the blood, or else thou art a spy, prating of deeds seen under cloudy skies, on chill nights, when, belted and spurred, thou ridest—or else——" and here she paused while mischief gleamed in her brown eyes.

"What wouldst say?" the lady asked.

"Else with that beauty which doth dazzle me so I may not see aright—else—art thou jealous of some daring lover?" and at that the two men dropped their glasses and the laughter rang out through the room. But the Lady Margery was not to be outdone.

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"And, pray, whence comes the parrot tongue in the mouth of the dove?"

"Much might the parrot tongue repeat concerning the charms thou flauntest, but scarce were it whispered to the winds as yet, that thou art a changeful tropical creature, playing with facts as thou wouldst play with fire—unconscious of their power."

Whether the rebuke was so swathed in flattery that it lost its sting, or that the gentle Anne had indeed accomplished her purpose of casting discredit on the statements made, I know not, but the talk ceased, and as the ladies rose from the overfreighted board, the young Major watched the flutter of the kerchief as it passed through the doorway, rather than the laces of the high-born dame.

There was music in the balcony, and Anne soon drew apart from the listeners to gaze enraptured at a painting, a sweet faced representation of the Mother of our Lord.

Suddenly there was a breath upon her cheek, and she turned to meet the kindling eye of the Major.

"I did not know that Quakers were art connoisseurs," he said, and he got this calm response:

"I think not one could see the face of the Mother of Jesus, be it pictured after the flesh or from the heart, without a throb."

"And more I knew not," he said, going on and on, "that the Quakers could manage the retort courteous so deftly," and thereat he laughed. "But, truth to tell, it was a puzzle whether to believe or disbelieve."

"Puzzle? I know it not as such. Wouldst thou believe that one could know the secrets of a heart so wrapped in solemn—if mistaken—earnestness, and knowing, could retail in face of foe, not ready to profit by the chance it thereby gave?"

The Major pondered for a breath, then he answered slowly, "No; it is only pence, not pounds, that are scattered broadcast. I thank you greatly, for your clear good sense has saved much trouble."

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Then he turned again to the pictures, and led Anne from room to room, pointing out the beauties of the painter's art. At length they came before a scene of bloodshed—a very famous battle-piece, as the young officer named it—and his eye glistened and his words came quick as he made known to the girl the exact situation of the awful struggle, until her cheek paled and she asked, with, it may be, a little quaver, "It cannot be that thou enjoyest carnage?"

"One must, to do rightfully, enjoy the defense of law."

"But all law is not righteous, and how couldst draw a sword against a brother?"

He looked straight into her clear eye, and with a new tone interpreted her questionings.

"Surely this meek and lovely maiden hath strange visions, if in her dreams she sees the rebellious spirits of this age posing as martyrs." And little Anne crimsoned to the verge of disaster, for he spoke again and with a tinge of severity more marked:

"Believe me, His Majesty's officers have heretofore held little parlance with the Quaker-folk, trusting implicitly in their law-abiding instincts."

"Wherein thou art quite right," she answered, heroically growing calm. "Quite right, but it is not for one unlearned in the page of history to trace the trend of feud from age to age—as thou canst."

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Thus was the danger averted, for the Major in a trice was won to admiration, and they spoke no more of war, but turned from the corridor, wherein they stood, to the vine-clad balcony, and there they faced the gay girl and a group of men. Margery stepped forth, and would have lightly tripped the measure of a music strain but for the meeting with young Anne and her escort.

A flush of anger dyed the milk-white brow, and she curtsied low. "Behold," she cried saucily, "I am much abashed."

"Wherefore, my bird of plumage?" and at this Anne Parsons felt the arm of the cavalier gently disengage itself from touch of her sleeve, and the Major, joining hands with the giddy beauty, tripped back and forth, fast and then slow, to the tune that reached them from the outer walk.

"Methinks it were a pretty sight, and that the young Friend watched the play with new-born interest, for, though it seemed wicked wile, like many a sinful measure it lost, in the moment of its watching, half its sting. And when the strain was finished, and the light breathing of the participants was changed to laughter, one of the dancers standing near unto Anne queried:

"I knew not that the Quakers could countenance the dance?"

Margery Granger was known to shut her white teeth with a little clash as Anne's answer caught her ear:

"Doth call that a dance? Surely, if the motive be a pure and simple one, the motion savors much of those light-hearted games played by our youth beneath the blossoming trees;" and the Major, flushed with his late exercise, turned back and bent his head to the level of Anne's strong hand, which he touched with the simple sweep of his forefinger from his lip to the pink palm of the girl.

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Then Margery set upon him with other arts, and in the midst of the tossing of light words, Anne caught an undertone.

"Major, a word before we part." He lifted his brows. Again the whisper. "A word of vast concern to His Majesty." And then the simple girl was full-fired with resolve to guard her country's honor.

Far be it from me to assert the wisdom of a counter-stroke bordering, as doth keen policy, upon the lines of actual treachery, but so runs my tale.

Anne's tongue was loosed even as her ear grew keen to catch the converse of the two, and soon she found herself the centre of a group well disposed towards drawing out her power of repartee, but Margery held the Major beneath her wing, and when he moved, hearing with delight the sprightly answers of the simple girl, the other grew more bold. Thus it came that, as the officer was about to lead Anne away, Margery clasped his arm in both her hands and took him off, and the grave man, Anne's opposite at dinner, again covered her retreat with kindness.

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"Permit me," and the girl's gratitude blazed forth in blushes. Once they were following in the track of the advancing pair, his silence grew upon him, and just where the shadow of a curtain thrust its blackness over them, he sank into a chair. Anne, standing helpless within hearing of voice, scarce caught their first words. "'Tis true, then, that the General withdraws to-morrow a great part of His Majesty's troops from Germantown," when lo! her companion had disappeared, nor did she ever see his face again in any after time.

Perchance it might have been her intent to warn the two that she was near, that bade her step lightly across the room, but they were not to be disturbed. Anne heard the gay Margery whisper, "Ere daylight, then, I post it, and it goeth sure—when the Major graves his sign upon the post-boy's order."

"First must I see with mine own eyes the dispatch that so well deserves recognition

THE MAJOR TURNED UPON HER—CAUGHT HER BRIDLE

from the Crown"—and so, with bended head the Major, half-aloud, read from a letter held within his sight:

> "This is your opening. Germantown is well-nigh deserted. Force a march by night."

Then the whispers were renewed, and Anne caught but a clumsy ending to the query, "He will believe?"

"The rebel General knows his Philadelphians, or——" swift fled the girl to the stair, and, stumbling, made an outcry. Quick came the Major and the butterfly, and—since her posture caused belief that Anne was ascending, and a cavalier was already lifting her—the two exchanged glances of satisfaction and joined in the merriment that followed.

"Sure let us hope that this fair damsel hath no matrimonial designs," cried Margery, "for, as the legends tell, she who stumbleth on the upward way hath lost her venture," and Anne's retort was ready.

"Truth to tell, thou art a soothsayer—for no plans with so secure intent, alas! have I."

I doubt not that the girl repented of her speech, for quick came to the rescue a score of gay gallants, scheming, as it were, to add to her confusion.

"Say thus no longer—behold, here am I."

"And I."

"And I," until her own laughter rang out, and reaching forth a hand she begged, "Who will protect an unprotected maid?" and it was not without joy, no doubt—pondering her designs—that Anne perceived the Major waiting patiently by her side.

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And thus the play went on. Margery hurling bits of scornful pleasantry, and Anne sending them back with sharpened edge, until, seeking her ward, Madam Speedwell stood spellbound beside the doorway—dumb with wonder. How came it that the Quaker blood could rise to the heat of festive repartee touched by a drop of irony? Once more she heard and trembled as the arrow flew from a quiver still full and an archer's hand that pointed with delight at a shining mark. Methinks the Madam was dismayed, for as the white-browed Margery sneered, "How long may Quaker mothers await the coming of their nurslings?" Anne with a grave face responded, "So late as treason seeks to hide behind the shadows of the night," then she felt a finger on her shoulder and the good Madam spoke with authority. "The coach is nigh," for, indeed, she was a dame of rich dowry whom alone such carriage would properly befit.

They went their way across the broad hall and to the dressing-chamber, from which soon emerged a changed and excited Anne Parsons. Within the vestibule, where many waited, and lights flashed in the hands of servants, the girl drew apart to cool her brow in the late night wind, and without intent to play the spy, yet has it come down to me that there again she caught a word, spoken between the two who alone could have cause thus to speak.

"Bear well in mind that, at midday on the third, the orderly will stand between the gates at Rittenhouse Square."

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It was at midday, then, or so near as befitted one who would reach a tryst, that Anne borrowed—without asking, I make no doubt—the shawl and head handkerchief of the chief of the maidservants, which thrown carelessly about her heavy locks, she betook herself in haste to Rittenhouse Square, not doubting but there she should find the orderly; and indeed, scarce had she sighted the gate when, with a clank of spurs and a glint of golden decoration, a tall man paused and looked about him. There was none other in view, and, quick as ever stepped a young maid, the girl walked close beside him, only reaching out, as she passed, a plump, unjeweled hand.

Perchance she scarce expected to receive recognition of her disguise so soon, for, as goes the tale, her heart bounded fit to break its barrier when she was conscious of the gliding into her palm of a bit of paper, and never once she turned back, but fled like a hare. When she was hidden from the horseman's view, she stripped the handkerchief from her brow, slid into the garden gate, which she had taken the precaution to leave unlatched, and so on into her own chamber.

There she read that which forced a resolution upon her:

> "To-morrow at sunrise an orderly with an extra saddle-horse will pass the same gate, and she who wills to see the working of her scheme may ride, cloaked as a servant, to the gates of victory."

They tell me, for long years this scrap of paper lay, yellowed and crumpled, in the great rebel's writing-table, but some grave relative, doubting the wisdom of such bequests, begged, for the meetings' sake, that it be burnt.

Now rose up Anne in fierce determination, and lest her healthful sleep break not at the appointed hour, she went to her bed full early in the night and rose again before the faintest color tinged the autumn sky.

Again she borrowed shawl and handkerchief, the while binding it lower and lower that her face rest in shadow. Just as she passed the outer garden, lo! a single horseman, leading a white, riderless beast, halted at the square. On she sped, less anxious now than yester morn, for, sure, no message had reached the Lady Margery. So, with great gravity and in utter silence, she was mounted on the steed, and being well schooled in the handling of the bridle, and well versed in all the byways of the country whence they rode, her heart regained its calm, and she only marveled how she might betake herself from the company in whose train she must ride, and give the word of friendly warning that alone could prevent the destruction of the better portion of the American troops.

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While yet she questioned, strange sounds were heard, and, as they sped northward, a continued confusion. Here they fell in with the Major, of a sudden, and but that he cast a backward glance over those riding in his rear, nothing was known or hinted of her whereabouts, and Anne was convinced that this ride to victory must perforce be a secret one. The dullness of the morning favored her; dark clouds hung overhead and a thick mist enshrouded the landscape. Once or twice she felt the spur of curiosity as she caught distant shouts and heard the firing of musketry; but it was not as if in battle they were arrayed, more like it seemed that straggling troops were ill matched amid the dusk.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the scenes of combat, and at once grave orders were sounded in her ear: "Ride up, ride on, ride fast now. The rebels close upon us. The English General hath masked, not massed, his men, and the rebels are compelled to face, not a remnant of the Army as their false 'dispatches' gave them to know, but a plot wherein hidden foes, measured out apparently by the handful, give chase by the regiment."

It was the Major's whisper that she caught, and as he dashed away, the orderly by her side struck her horse a blow and she fell into the on rushing ranks. Smoke—fire—flash—groans—the rattle of musketry and the roll of artillery wagons tore her with conflicting doubts. Where was she? Where was he—the fearless leader of fearless men fighting for freedom? On they rushed, and on a sudden, at the clearing of a space, the mist for a moment gave way, and lo! Anne Parsons saw the giant figure of the great rebel, calm amid the seemingly inextricable confusion.

THE FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE BUSHES KEPT PACE WITH HER OWN

Thus, whether her horse was put to flight by the awful beating of her heart—as she was wont to say—or if by a twist of the wrist she wrenched him from the ranks, certain it is that out of the line she fell, the white horse stumbling onward, leaping a barrier—beating down shrubbery and rearing in the face of fire. On she went, as straight as could an arrow speed over all impediments, close—close—to the side of the commanding figure.

"Halt, there!" a voice cried out, and he turned, and, having turned, beheld with an anxious countenance the Quaker girl, for Anne, with one hand steadying her horse, with the other had thrust back her disguise, and breathing hard she cried, "Flee, good father, flee—this is but like an ambuscade. Here a dozen in an inclosure covers an hundred—there fifty but disguise ten times these numbers. Flee—while yet 'tis time. The mist falls low again. The advices sent from Philadelphia were but the scheming of those who wish thee evil. In the name of my ancestry—honorable in the sight of God, and bearing the honor of thine own kindred—flee—for as I live, so have I risked mine honor and mine head to save thee—and thou canst trust me."

Think, reader, if thou canst, of the grave peril of the girl, casting about now for exit from the scene of carnage! Yet not of herself thought Anne, but rather of the welfare of her countrymen led into ambush, as it were, and e'en as she drew on the maid's handkerchief again, she turned her head to watch the movement of the great rebel. Truth to tell, he would have sent a guard to shield her, but she motioned him to mind her not, and clasping with great force the bridle in her hand gave rein to her steed.

Every gunshot urged his flight, and but for her unerring knowledge of the woods and creeks she must soon have been overcome. Now and then she fell among the enemy, and once a soldier in a red coat clutched her gown, but the enraged beast, beating the air with his hoofs, reared and plunged with so great fury that the man was forced to gainsay his prize.

Then again there came a great terror over her, for Anne felt her disguise lifted from her brow, and heard, as her heavy hair fell in a shower across a manly arm, "Great God." Then well she knew her pursuer. But her quick wit did not fail. She bent her hand backward with a cruel thrust—and lo! toward the carnage moved her steed. Perchance there would have been no tale to tell of further import, but that the Major, voicing like a trumpet the order to a bold charge, turned upon her, caught her bridle, leaped across the rough encumbrance which beset their pathway, rose in his stirrups, and, loosing the white horse, gave vent to one prolonged sigh. He was gone.

It is hard to see at this distant day by what means her life was preserved until the mist began to lighten, when she looked down from a loftier spot and saw, retreating in good order, guns and musketry and officers, the advance portion of the rebel troop. Then she burst into tears, crying:

"As an instrument of the Lord have I been called to do duty this day."

Little more have I to tell, save that in the after time of peaceful restoration to the watch and ward of American citizens, Philadelphia wore a brighter face, and that Anne one morning, alone on the highway, met the great Father of his Country. He, standing spellbound, thus accosted her:

"Surely I see here my deliverer from the peril of October fourth;" and the girl blushing and silent, he furthermore addressed her, begging her father's name, and in due season the house of Joshua Parsons was sought out by one whom all delighted to honor as the Servant of the Lord, albeit he smote like the Angel with a flaming sword.

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Of what took place I have small knowledge. It was urged on Joshua Parsons that the boldness and woman's wit of his daughter might be made known, and on refusal, or rather a most courteous declination in the name of honest conviction that such were not for the public good, the Father of his Country, holding within his grasp the note that moved Anne to the perilous deed, bespoke the friendship of the house, and thereafter made frequent mention of their blood kinship, both at home and abroad, and Anne was told that whenever the hand of the mighty could serve her it was hers to command.

Soon after this was hung upon the wall of the girl's sleeping-room a steel engraving of fine imprint and framing, and bearing at its margin the bold inscription of the honored man whose face looked down in kindliness upon her whom he called his preserver.

There was a strange meeting, too, on a wintry morning following the retreat from Germantown, when Anne, filled with the spirit of youth, sped gayly along the highway near unto her father's house. Singing she was not, for far is it from the custom of the Friends to so intone the thought of God, but of a sudden she heard a rustle in the hedgerow close at hand, and a merry outcry:

"Ho! ho! my artful maid, goeth she forth chanting hymnals?" And Anne, looking to the right hand and to the left, perceiving naught, tossed her hair back from her brow in a girlish willfulness and made answer:

"'Tis but an echo of evil thoughts that pursues me. I hear in the rustle of the branches the miserable speech that brought death to a liberty-loving people."

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Again she listened, for the footsteps across the bushes kept pace with her own, and a changed tone caught her ear, a half sob that long created a soreness of heart.

"Alas! there be those who peer into the future and foretell the fate of men and maids meeting under joyous circumstances, but to foretell that which may befall one who treasured a hope of tender relations—a dim and distant hope, 'tis true, but yet a hope—ah! who would dare? for this day have I taken a vow upon me——"

"Fare thee well," solemnly answered Anne.

And one thing it behooveth me to add—for side by side with the picture of the man who was first in the hearts of his countrymen, there appeared at a later date a curious miniature, with the fine flesh-colors that Nature paints on the cheek of the young, and an ingenuous youth it seemed. At its back was pasted a bit of manuscript done in the fine and careful handwriting of the scholar of the times, and one who had read its lettering repeated sorrowfully the words thereo:

> "In the hour of an untimely and unmerited execution Major —— remembers that it was through two women of most consummate art that he was once undone."

THE BIRTHDAY PEARL

How Abdallah Came into His Luck

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY

"IT'S my birthday," said Bob Panton, master and owner of the pearl-shell lugger Daisy, then lying at anchor off Somerset on her return from a trip about Torres Straits. "It's my birthday," repeated he, "and we'll open a shell each, just for fun, to see what sort of luck I'm to have this next year."

The five blacks and the one other white man that constituted the Daisy's crew each chose the biggest oyster he could find—all of them about the size of soup-plates.

Four were blanks, and they all watched Abdallah, the new hand, as he slowly opened the great bivalve. Then came a shout as he presently held up a pearl, pear-shaped and almost as big as a hazel-nut, the finest gem on record yet found in those seas.

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"That is good luck, indeed!" quoth Bob Panton, as the chorus of admiration subsided, and, pulling out a bundle of ten dirty one-pound notes, he handed them over to Abdallah, saying, "Take these for yourself, lad. I'll double it if this turns out as fine as it looks.

"And now we'll wet the little stranger properly, and christen it the 'Birthday Pearl.'"

Next morning, when Captain Bob Panton came on deck, Abdallah was missing. So, as presently discovered, was the big pearl that Panton had left in a small wooden box in his berth. So was the Daisy's dingey that had been towing astern.

Bob Panton sold his shell, and offered a reward of fifty pounds for the thief. But, though all the Southern police were put on the lookout, nothing could be heard of the Birthday Pearl nor of Abdallah. And at last there were people found who did not scruple to hint at birthday hallucinations, born of "square gin," on the part of Captain Bob Panton and his pearl-hunting crew.

But Panton took the matter to heart, sold his boat, and started off in pursuit of Abdallah, with ever before his vision the virgin sheen of the great pearl, his for a few hours only, convinced that until he recovered it, luck for him, either in this world or the next, was entirely out of the question.

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When old widower Wilhelm Itzig, the watch-maker and jeweler at Port Leichardt, died, his native-born son, Hermann, came home from a wandering life of droving and working upon stations, and, returning to the trade he had been taught, mended the Leichardt clocks and watches with an indifferent measure of success, being but a botch.

The little shanty, dignified with the title of shop, stood apart from the rest of the township, and quite close to the beach. And but for an old tin sign, with "Herman Itzig, working jeweler," upon it, and an old clock and three empty watchcases in the window, there was nothing to distinguish it from any of the other straggling "humpies" that went to make up the nearly deserted Queensland seaport.

"How much, John?" Hermann was asking of a half-starved, unkempt-looking black man, a fortnight after the finding and losing of the Birthday Pearl, shining mildly now in the gloom of the stuffy little inner room of the shop by the beach. "Won 'undreed, two 'undreed-feefeetee, sar," answered Abdallah, eyeing the gem as Hermann rolled it to and fro in the palm of his hand.

"Don't you wish you may get it, my boy," replied Hermann, laughing. "Ask a thousand while you're about it, why don't you?"

"Ver' fine pul, sar," replied Abdallah, cringing. "Some day get mooch more dan t'ousan' for 'im."

And young Hermann, although knowing little of such matters, thought, as he noted its soft lustre and flawless shape, that possibly his customer might be right.

His hand closed on the pearl. Said he: "I'll give you twenty. Haven't got another cent, anyhow"—which was the truth.

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But Abdallah raised his eyes and hands to heaven in mute appeal at such an offer.

"You'll either take that or nothing," said Hermann, suddenly producing a revolver and pointing it straight at the other's head. "You stole it, you beggar; you know you did, up the coast somewhere—Thursday Island or Somerset, likely. Here, think yourself lucky to get so much." And Hermann handed over four five-pound notes.

"Take them," said he, seeing that the other made no motion, "or I'll have you up to the police barracks in less than no time!"

There was murder in Abdallah's eye. But he put out his hand for the money.

"Now clear straight out!" said Hermann. "There's the Barco alongside the wharf. If you take my advice you'll get away in her. So long, old man!"

As he turned away, putting down the pistol, Abdallah sprang on him like a tiger, drawing his sheathknife as he did so—for he was clad, like any coasting sailor, in a suit of belted dungaree. Hermann reeled and fell, the knife descended again and again as Abdallah struck in his blind rage, and presently the body underneath him grew limp and motionless.

Rising and striking a match—for night was coming on, and the small room was nearly in darkness—Abdallah searched until he saw the Birthday Pearl lying near the bed, gleaming at him from a pool of blood.

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Wiping it on the blankets, also his knife, he turned and fled toward the long jetty where lay the steamship Barco, already clanging her second bell, a better man by twenty pounds than he was when he entered Port Leichardt that night, with a useless fortune hidden in his pocket.

Next morning, somebody coming into the shop with a Waterbury to mend, found Hermann lying senseless and nearly dead from loss of blood. None of the wounds, however, had touched any vital part; and a month in the local hospital restored him to health again. For reasons of his own, he had professed himself unable to give any description of the assassin. Illicit pearl-buyers on that coast were looked upon with great disfavor, for the reason that every inhabitant who could afford it had shares in some venture connected with the fishery—that is, the pearl-shell fleet. The pearls were but a by-blow of the industry—conspicuous more by their rarity—except in the shape of almost worthless "seed," than anything else.

But the glamour of the big gem had entered Hermann's soul, as it had Panton's and Abdallah's; and presently, selling out his stock, he, too, moved in pursuit, impelled by a feeling of revenge for loss of blood.

Meanwhile Abdallah, journeying southward, made no more attempts to dispose of his treasure. But, sewing it in a little bag of black calico, he hid it away artistically in the meshes of his thick hair, where, with a touch, he could assure himself of its safety. He was a man who had traveled far, and knew many things—knew more than Panton or Itzig; but travel had not shut out inherent superstition, and he began to look upon the big pearl as a charm, an amulet, that, worn always, would protect him and bring him much good fortune. At various times, in the absence of any distinguishing marks of caste or dress, he had been taken for a Malay, a Hindu, and a Kanaka.

But Abdallah was none of these. He was an Arab from Muscat, who had in his time worked among the rotting oyster heaps of El Bouruk on the shores of the Persian Gulf, had seen big pearls, and possessed a fair notion of their value. Hence he was well aware that he had a prize that would make a sensation in the world, and one whose owner would be unable to hide his light under a bushel—so far as the police, at least, were concerned.

Nor did he imagine for a moment that Panton would sit down quietly under his loss. Of Hermann he thought no more—for he knew that dead men tell no tales.

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So he traveled round to Adelaide, thence by sea up Spencer's Gulf to Port Augusta, where he joined the camel-trains of Hafiz Khan, the rich Afghan who brought the wool down from the arid interior to the tall ships lying at anchor in the river.

Into Sydney shortly came Hermann Itzig, with the desire for vengeance still hot, but purse low. His guarded inquiries soon let him into the knowledge that the police were on the watch, and had at least twenty men shadowed on suspicion, and waiting the arrival of Captain Bob Panton.

Seeing that so far as his own claim was concerned the case was hopeless, he gave it up. But not until he had satisfied himself that Abdallah was not in the city, did he for a time relinquish the hope of getting even with him for that little matter of the knifing in the hut by Leichardt beach.

Later, falling in with two of his countrymen bound for the West Australian gold fields, he joined them. The trio were lucky, and made each a fair pile. After a hurried visit to the Fatherland, which he left also hurriedly, convinced that for the Australian-born a military despotism was a most unsuitable form of government, Hermann Itzig, returning, bought a station "up north," in South Australia, and began to prosper.

But often in quiet hours there came to him dreams of the big pearl, shining with its mild and tender light as he had last seen it—an episode in his life that, but for certain pains on frosty mornings, he might have almost come to regard as apocryphal. A stern, resolute man, he was incapable of forgetting an injury; and ever and anon, principally in the winter, he sent agents to work to hunt up Abdallah, meaning, when found, to deal with him after his own fashion.

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But when a black man, or a yellow, chooses to hide himself among others of his color, the search is apt to linger and become monotonous to the white man.

Bob Panton found it doubly so.

Received by the police with open arms and a whole tribe of dusky nomads—Manila-men, Kanakas, Javanese, men from the spurs of the Hindu Kush, others from the palm groves of Kandy and the plains of Central India—he could identify none of them. The police had done their best, stimulated by the reward. But the vagueness of the description baffled them. There were so many black men with sharp, aquiline features and good teeth, who spoke English. And at last they gave it up as a bad job. So also did the authorities in Melbourne and Adelaide, whither Bob Panton journeyed on his quest.

Superstitious in his way as Abdallah, he had quite made up his mind that unless he recovered his Birthday Pearl no luck would ever again cross his path in this world, nor, possibly, in the next. And strong in his belief, he spent every penny he possessed in the fruitless search, finding himself at last "on the Wallaby" with a swag upon his back—he, Bob Panton, once master and owner of the smartest little lugger around Torres Straits.

Fain would he have returned once more to his old haunts on the Queensland coast; but he well knew how useless that would be, penniless as he was.

And he worked about from station to station under an assumed name, with the splendid memory of his loss abiding ever upon him, until "luck" brought him to Weetah, which was the name of Itzig's station, far to northward of the Burra.

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Here there was a drought prevailing, and men were sinking wells. Panton knew little about the business; but, falling in with a mate who did, he took a contract to put a well down on an out-of-the-way part of the run known as the Sandalwood Ridge.

They struck water at a shallow depth, much to Itzig's delight. Then they built a hut for a shepherd and yards for the sheep, laid troughing, and made everything ready. And, just as they finished, came a rainfall measurable in feet.

But Panton, in place of leaving, took other work on the run; while at Sandalwood the water stood undisturbed, and tall grass grew about hut and troughs, and the yards fell to decay, for nobody ever went that way now, feed and water were so plentiful elsewhere.

Meanwhile Abdallah, earning good wages as a first-class driver, made money on the camel-train, and presently, leaving Hafiz Khan, he bought a tilted cart and two horses, and took out a hawker's license, and began life on his own account, secure in the strength and continuance of his luck.

He wore the pearl now in a little leather bag, hung round his neck by a silver chain. And he worshiped it as his god. Nothing but good fortune had been his since the night he had sneaked into the Daisy's cabin while the snores of her crew broke the still air and taken the gem—his own; had he not found it?—from off the cabin table.

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And ever since then had he not thriven—thriven until his signature was beginning to be known at the big bank in King William Street almost as well as that of Hafiz Khan?

And when at rare intervals he allowed his eyes to feast on the soft, lucent iridescence of the wonderful talisman, his belief grew stronger than ever that his Kismet was bound up therein; and that, compared to the power and magic of his treasure, Allah and all his most wondrous works were as naught.

So utter was his faith in the efficacy of the gem that if any slight mishap befell, such as the losing of his horses or the breaking of a spoke, he ascribed it to his memorable attempt at Leichardt to get rid of it to the young man whose body had made a sheath for his knife. It was a punishment meted out to him by his divinity.

Many months passed away; he made money, and traveled far and wide. Then, in an evil hour for himself, he traveled still farther, and fell into a trap set, all unwittingly, for him by two men whom he had injured, and from which all the power of the Birthday Pearl was unable to save him. One hot summer day, making for Weetah head-station, he lost his bearings, and at sundown, he and his horses being parched with thirst, was very pleased to strike the Sandalwood Ridge, with its well of water, sheltering hut, and abundant feed.

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"I think," remarked Hermann Itzig to his overseer a month or two afterward, "that we may as well, perhaps, put a flock at Sandalwood."

"Very well, sir," replied the overseer. "I'll arrange to send Bray here out to do up the hut and yards."

"I'll drive him out," said Hermann. "He's one of the men who worked there, isn't he? I want to have a look round. See that the big water-bag is on the buggy. I don't suppose the stuff in the well's any too good by this time."

"What's that?" asked Itzig of Bray, alias Panton, as, at the end of their twenty-mile drive, they caught sight of something white and round, close to the well.

"Tilted cart, I should say," replied the other, peering under the flat of his hand.

Driving up, two big eagle-hawks and some crows flew off the carcasses of a couple of dead horses. Close to the door lay another corpse—that of a black man.

"What's the matter here?" exclaimed Itzig. But Panton made no answer. He was staring intently at the shriveled features of the dead man. As he gazed, he saw something shine from between the skeleton fingers of one clenched hand. Stooping, he drew it out with a cry of astonishment—the great pearl, Abdallah's god, appealed to in vain during his last agony.

"My pearl!" exclaimed Hermann.

"No—mine!" said Panton. "My Birthday Pearl, that Abdallah here stole from me on my lugger Daisy!"

"Are you Panton, then?" asked Hermann.

"Yes," replied Bob, "I am. But what do you know about the matter?"

Then Hermann told his story, waiving all rights, if any belonged by reason of his wounds. He could afford to. But what had killed the man and horses?

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There was a little water left in the bottom of the well-bucket. Hermann tasted it, shook his head, and spat it out. Alongside the bucket lay a native cat, dead. At the troughs, dry now, were crows, all dead. "I prefer our own water," said he. "I'll fix this stuff up when we get home. That pearl's worth a lot of money. A good day's work for you. And for me, too, perhaps, if I'm correct. Copper's not so low as it was."

Analysis disclosed the secret. The well had been bottomed on a very rich vein of copper ore. The water had become so impregnated with the mineral as to become highly poisonous. A thirsty man and thirsty horses might as well have drunk a strong decoction of arsenic.

It required a deal of persuasion to make Panton part with his pearl. Even as Abdallah, he was minded to make a fetish of the thing—it was so pure-looking, and shone with such a mild graciousness, that it seemed very hard to relinquish possession of it. Also, it was his birthday gift, and was bound to bring him luck.

But at last wiser counsels prevailed. Messrs. Storr & Mortimer gave £2500 for it, and with this money Panton bought into Weetah. The lode at "Poison Well" may be worked yet. At present prices it might pay. And what eventually became of the Birthday Pearl I know not. I note, however, that at the last London wool sales Messrs. Itzig & Panton's clip averaged the top price.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Birthday Pearl, is copyrighted, 1898, by John Arthur Barry.

THE MODERN MVNCHAVSEN PAPERS

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

Paper No. II

FAMOUS KINGS WE HAVE MET

"IT MUST be a nice thing to be a King," said the storekeeper. "I suppose it's wrong for a free-born American to say he would like it, but I acknowledge that I would. However, as that's impossible, I should at least like to see a King and converse with him."

"I can't say that I ever saw a real King," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy; "but I once saw a man who claimed to be a King. One night, when the Arethuse was lying in a French port, and it was my watch on deck, I was startled by feeling a hand upon my shoulder and hearing a strange voice whisper:

"'I am the King of France; don't tell anybody that I'm here.'

"I turned and saw a rather imposing-looking man with a wild, roving eye.

"'I would like to grant your request,' said I, 'but it is my duty to report your presence here, sir. I shall have to tell the Admiral.'

"'Please don't tell anybody. They will execute me,' said he. 'If you'll not tell, I'll make you a baron when I get my throne.'

"'But there's the Admiral. I'll have to tell him that you are here.'

"'Well, offer him a marquisate from me as the price of his silence, and, if he'll espouse my cause and deliver up the fleet, I'll make him a Duke and commander of the Royal Navy. I have an Army ready on shore, and now I want a naval force.'

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"I went to the Admiral at once and told him about the stranger.

"'Undoubtedly the Republic is in danger,' said the Admiral, 'and I'm glad of it. There isn't enough pomp and glory about it. Here may be a chance for us to win renown, Baxter. I have foreseen a Royalist uprising for some time. The Paris correspondents for those American papers you lent me have been finding out things about the threatened Royalist uprisings which people over here have not seemed to know anything about, and here the uprising is. What salary does he intend to give to the commander of the Navy? What did he look like? Is it the Duc de Chartres or the Comte de Paris?'

"'I have never met those gentlemen,' said I. 'They never have been in Rhode Island that I know of.'

"I brought the Royal personage into the cabin. The Admiral whispered to me that he didn't recognize him as any of the pretenders. Nevertheless, he addressed him respectfully and asked him about his chances of securing the throne.

"'I have an Army of two hundred thousand men collected two miles from here, and my agents tell me that the country is ready to rise to-night and proclaim me Charles the Eleventh to-morrow.'

"'My King, I salute you,' said the Admiral kneeling.

"Just then four men rushed into the cabin and handcuffed the Monarch.

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"'Ha!' cried the Admiral, drawing his sword. 'Vive le roi la republique! What does this mean? Unhand His Majesty. Arrest all traitors present. Is the plot crushed? Is there to be a glorious Monarchy, or is the beloved Republic safe?'

"'Plot, Monarchy?' asked one of the strangers. 'What are you talking about? This is an escaped lunatic—a man afflicted with a mania that he is the dispossessed King of France. We have traced him here, and now we will take him back to the asylum he came from.'

"'Perhaps so; but not so fast. There may be a plot against the Republic here. Call the guard, Baxter,' and in a moment the lunatic and four keepers were surrounded.

"'Allow us to go,' said the head keeper. 'He is only a madman.'

"'This is a serious thing,' said the Admiral. 'Even a pretended pretender may deceive some one. The French are a mercurial people, alas! and this madman might have started a revolution had he not been seized at the start by one so firm in his allegiance to the Republic as I. He may escape from the asylum again, and by deceiving the people become a source of great danger. Let the officers of the fleet be summoned to a court-martial.'

"The officers assembled, and, as sure as shooting, the court-martial adjudged the poor old lunatic guilty of treason. So he was hanged at the yard-arm."

"Was anything done about the hanging?" asked the storekeeper.

"Nothing, except that the Admiral received a sword of honor and the thanks of the Government," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy.

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"I never knew no Kings," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues, "but I met a Sultan once.

"It was arter the Chinese war, and our troop-ship put in at some island inhabited by a Chinesey sort of people, governed by a man what called 'isself a Sultan. The Sultan sent word that any of us could call on 'im if they wanted to, but it turned out that I was the only man what went.

"When I got to the palace I was taken to the 'all where the Sultan was, and they told me to crawl on my 'ands and knees. I objected, and said I would go back first, but a couple of guards knocked me down, and told me to crawl ahead, as the Sultan wasn't to be disappointed in receivin' visitors.

"When I got to the throne and was bendin' over 'is shoes to kiss 'em, I see they was covered with precious stones. I 'ad noticed that the old Sultan 'ad 'is nose up in the air lookin' at the roof, 'aughty as could be, and that the nobles standin' around 'im was doin' the same. Wasn't nobody watchin' me, so when I kissed the chap's shoes—and I done it twice—I bit off two sapphires as big as filberts. Them was the days when hofficers bought commissions, so with the two sapphires I bought the position of Captain in the artillery."

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"But why is it that you are only a Sergeant now?" asked the storekeeper.

"Arter I 'ad been Captain about two years, the Government hofficials discovered that the two sapphires I had paid for the commission wasn't real, so I was reduced to Sergeant."

"You wished to see a King," said the book-agent to the storekeeper, "and I can gratify your desire, for I am a King myself.

"I am Spanish by descent. Some of my ancestors went from Spain to Ireland at an unknown period, and from Ireland my family came to America. As a boy, I naturally took an interest in the nation of my ancestors, and I learned the Castilian tongue. It was in this way that I happened to read in an old Spanish book an account of the mysterious silver city of Yucatan. I determined to discover the place, and, a few years ago, I set out for Yucatan, taking with me on my quest little save a small silver-plating battery which I was agent for at the time.

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"I will not fatigue you with an account of my search for the city. Suffice it to say that, after long wanderings and incredible hardships in the forests of Yucatan, I at last came in sight of an immense city, surrounded with high walls which were covered with plates of silver. While staring in admiration, I was seized from behind and blindfolded. When I next opened my eyes I found myself in a gloomy dungeon, where I was to await the time when I should be given to the sacred alligators. I marveled at the brightness of the silver walls, and the chief of police told me that the police had to polish them with rags. Thereupon I gave him a recipe for a silver polish I had sold in New Jersey.

"When the next sun rose I heard a vast tumult outside the prison walls, and I trembled, for I thought the hour of my death was nigh. But no! a grateful people, who had hitherto polished their abundant silver by the tedious process of rubbing it with rags, received me, and I was tendered a rousing ovation that lasted until night. I was given entire charge of the treasury.

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"I introduced many of the arts of civilization, thereby incurring the enmity of the high priest, Batpillrafferty, the custodian of the temple of the moon and the hereditary feeder of the sacred alligators. I showed that a pretended miracle of his, where the sacred alligators lay as dead, stiff and immovable, was nothing but a state of temporary catalepsy, easy to produce. After that he set about accomplishing my ruin. A series of spiritual manifestations took place at the temple of the moon, and the great goddess, Broranidget, announced that, unless five hundred colossal silver statues and twenty-five thousand silver statuettes of herself were placed upon the walls of the city within a month, the inhabitants were doomed.

"As custodian of the treasury, I was ordered to prepare the statues and statuettes. Terrible was the fear that seized me when I found that there was only silver enough to make the statues. I knew my life would be sacrificed. There was no way to get more silver. There was no way to win the hand of the Queen Arymann and become King of the silver city, which the pretended decree of the goddess had tantalizingly declared to be my reward in case the statues and statuettes were made.

"A week passed. The statues were done, but how was I to make the statuettes? It was while I was walking by the temple of the moon that the chance discovery of a lead half-dollar in my pocket gave me an idea. I would make the statuettes of lead and plate them with silver; for these people knew nothing of the art of plating. I did so, and became King of the silver city and husband of the Princess.

"But I foresaw that the enmity of Batpillrafferty would accomplish my ruin. So making casts of all the smaller articles of palace furniture, I replaced them with duplicates made of lead, plated with silver, and hid the original articles in the vaults, ready for the time when I should attempt to make my escape by floating down the river to the coast on a large raft. I constructed the raft, in my leisure moments, of immense logs fastened together by ropes. The Queen was easily persuaded to go with me.

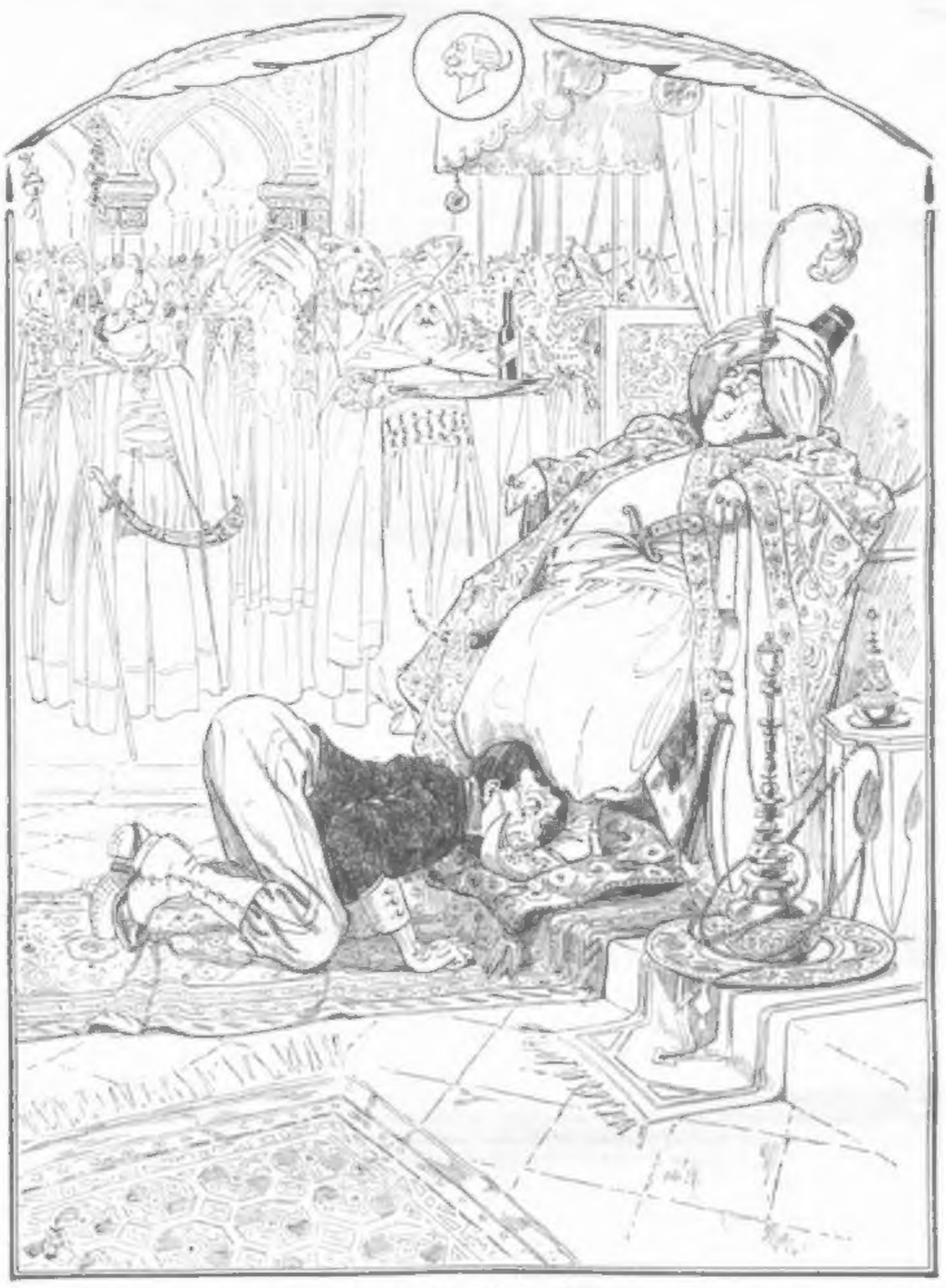
"The night for our departure came and I sought the riverside, but no raft was there, and I saw Batpillrafferty just sneaking away. The scoundrel was scared. He said he had taken the raft to pieces, and that the logs were in the temple of the moon near by. I bade him reconstruct the raft, and followed him as he penetrated the temple and dragged forth great logs and rolled them to the riverside. The raft was rebuilt.

"Leaving Batpillrafferty tied, we set off, the raft heavily laden with silver. All night we floated through the forest; and at dawn we heard the boom of surf and knew that the sea was near. My heart leaped; I was just embracing my beloved wife for very joy, when the raft trembled beneath my feet, and, in a moment, the logs began tossing.

"We were precipitated into the water, and then saw that the logs of the raft were the sacred alligators of the temple of the moon, which had been cast into a state of catalepsy and substituted for the real logs by the crafty Batpillrafferty. The silver was lost, and I had to begin life anew."

"What became of your wife?" asked the storekeeper. "I never heard of her."

"An Indian Princess is all well enough in her own country," said the book-agent; "but I found mine needed civilizing, and, I will also own, a support which I could not give her. Taking advantage of the bounty of our paternal Government, I have placed her in the Indian school at Carlisle, where she is being supported and educated."



"I BIT OFF TWO SAPPHIRES WHEN I KISSED THE CHAP'S SHOES"

EDITOR'S NOTE—Five separate papers will appear in The Modern Munchausen series. The first to be published are:

I—The Toughness of the African Skull . . . . . November 12
II—Famous Kings We Have Met . . . . . November 26

The Professor's Daughter

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HOTT

FIFTH CHAPTER

They slept comfortably all night on the boat, and after a short ride by rail were set down at a small country station, where

numerous drivers of antiquated vehicles solicited their patronage.

Louise selected a young man of amiable countenance of whom to inquire, "Can you drive us over to Weecapaug?"

"I don't see's anything's to hinder if you're ready to start. Got any baggage?"

Louise handed him the checks for their two trunks, wondering the while if they, their baggage and the driver were all to be squeezed into the vehicle in front of which the latter had been standing.

"The air is much clearer here, Louie, than in New York," remarked the Professor as he leaned in a waiting attitude against the door of the station labeled "Women's Room."

"I can see white."

"I am glad you mentioned it, Louie. I never should have seen it myself," and he adjusted his nether garment.

After a moment more the driver appeared, bearing one of their trunks on his shoulder. Another man followed with the other one. His team resembled a shabby surrey swung high, with the back seat taken out. In the place where this seat belonged he deposited the two trunks lengthwise of the vehicle, then invited them to take the front seat, saying as he got in after them:

"I cal'late this team wa'n't built fur so many, but it'll hold—that's certain. Jus' move along, Mister, 'n I'll set between you two, unless you'd ruther drive an' let me set behind on the trunks."

"Can't you hire a wagon of some kind to take the trunks and put in another seat back there for us?" asked Louise.

"No'm. There ain't no wagon to hire. This carryall has carried twice's much's this load to the beach many a time. Jus' set comf'table, an' we'll move right along."

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Fortunately the seat was wide, and his bony frame occupied small space, otherwise Louise would have openly rebelled; then, too, there seemed to be no alternative, as the other drivers had all disappeared by the time they were settled in his carryall, the Fremonts having been the only passengers for Shannock on the express train. The man picked up the reins and urged the sleepy-looking horse to action by slapping it on the back with them held loosely in one hand as he called out, "Gee up there, Marthey! Git a move on! Gee up!"

The carryall started with a jerk, at which the Professor caught a quick breath as he recovered his balance, remarking, "This vehicle is somewhat precipitous, don't you think, Louie?"

Louise, who was recovering her own balance, too, could not help smiling at the expression of her father's body and face. "Yes," she replied. "One must admit that it is precipitous, but let us hope not continuously so. Our equilibrium will hold until the next start, I think. Young man, how far is it to Weecapaug?"

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"That depends," he replied lazily; "where be you goin'? All the way to the beach or to some place back?"

"We are going to Miss Melissa Stillman's," replied Louise.

"Oh! be that where you're bound! To Melissy's! It's late 'n the year fur summer boarders. Well, 's close's I can cal'late, it's five miles to the neck an' four'n a half to Melissy's."

"How long will it take you to drive over there?"

"Depends on Marthey. She takes spells o' hurryin' an' not hurryin'. If she takes a notion, with this load, she'd do it easy in an hour—but if she don't it'll be more."

"Let us hope this is her ambitious day," remarked the Professor encouragingly.

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Louise replied in French, "Monsieur le Docteur's Paradis rustique!"

"What's that?" asked the driver. "I didn't ketch on."

"Oh, I said I hoped we would not be long on the road. Can't you make your horse go faster?"

"Not faster'n she cal'lates to go. She's got her own notions o' gait."

By this time they had driven through the business portion of the small town, and had turned into a broad residence street edged with old elm trees, whose branches leaned toward each other in friendly, graceful recognition high above the travelers' heads. The houses on either side were of the New England Colonial period, surrounded by extensive grounds simply laid out in flower-beds and flowering shrubs shaded by trees of as distinguished local ancestry, and crowned with as many years of life as the first citizens of the town, whose homes they ornamented.

Turning off Elm Street, as he called it, the driver drew up before a watering trough, and throwing the reins to the Professor, he jumped out on to the pavement before a low, square building, whose sign read "Post-office," calling back to them, "Might's well carry Melissy her paper'n letters, if she's got any." The horse meanwhile drank greedily, then began to back.

The Professor commanded mildly, "Whoa, there!" at which Marthey showed her ambition by plunging toward the trough, then backing suddenly, repeating the movements until the Professor, no horseman at any time, nervously repeated his whoas in an imploring tone of voice, pulling on the reins so hard that Marthey showed her resentment by standing on her hind legs as nearly as possible, considering her harness.

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Just then the driver came out, shouting instantly, "What you about there? Behave yourself, Marthey, or I'll learn you how. Let go the reins, Mister! She ain't used to your handlin'!" Taking her by the bit he soon restored her to her ordinary condition of mind, then jumped in and started Marthey up in her precipitous fashion.

"Got a letter for Melissy an' one fur Ol Peckham," he remarked. "Might's well take his'n along. They're both from New York City. See, there's the mark. Guess they must come from that city doctor whose folks come from Shannock. He's thick's muskeeters with Melissy 'n Ol. Carries his gun down in the fall o' the year an' guns round along o' Ol 's though they's twins."

"Do you mean that Doctor Layton comes down here to go gunning?" asked Louise.

"That's about the size o' it. He's a good shot, but he's nothin' 'long o' Ol. He can send a shot through a muskeeter's wing at a good hundred yards. Ol can't be beat."

"Who is Ol?" again inquired Louise, trying to gather local information.

"Ol Peckham! Who's he? Ain't you never heard tell o' him in New York? Why, land sakes! He's the bes' shot out o' the Wild West show I seed once, an' he can ketch more fish 'n any man alive."

"Oh, yes; I suppose he is the fisherman Doctor Layton spoke to me about, father."

"Yes, Louie. What about him?"

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"Doctor Layton spoke as though the man were an interesting character," she replied.

"What a remarkable tree!" exclaimed the Professor, whose entire mind seemed occupied with the objects along the road. They were approaching an old, gambrel-roof house battered by time and weather. "Has this place a history, my man?" he questioned.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout its havin' a history—

it's the ole whippin' post, an' that's the ole tavern my grun'father kept.

He allowed folks behaved theirselves when they's tied to that tree, and lammed when they went against the law. We're drivin' 'long the post road to the Pier now."

"Narragansett Pier?" inquired the Professor with awakened interest.

"That's the one—yes, that's it—Narragansett; same name's the Injuns have got over yander on the resarvation."

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On and on they drove, seeing on either hand a thickly settled farming community. Occasionally a house was deserted, its roof partially gone and decay threatened the forsaken dwelling; but as a rule the homes looked prosperous and well-conditioned. After a half-hour's ride they turned off of the post-road on to a gradual declivity, leading down to the sea. As they made the turn, Louise exclaimed, "Look! Father! Look!"

A wonderful panorama of sea, sky, sand-dunes and hillocks.

covered with savin trees and huckleberry bushes, the latter in the first flush of autumnal decay, met their eyes. The air had been swept clean by a recent northeasterly storm. The sun shone down on a sea baffled in contest with the head-wind and fallen back into a simulated smiling repose. To the east stretched a mile of rocky beach, breaking suddenly into a sandy shore sweeping back toward the north in a long, sinuous curve, which terminated several miles beyond in a great mass of rocks surmounted by a life-saving station.

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At the point where the rocky beach began, notional Nature had broken the coast-line, allowing the sea to sweep impetuously in, breaking over a sand-bar in triumphant leaps, difficult and dangerous to put a boat through whenever there was the slightest disturbance at sea. This Breach, as the sudden deviation of the ocean from the coast-line was called, was confined on the west by a sudden rise of sand-dunes from a sandy beach. The first dune arose in its importance like a beautiful schoolgirl at the head of her class, showing in the sunlight a shimmering front ascending from a broad base to an angular apex where the long grass and beach plum bushes began to appear, growing in thick clustering masses from top to bottom of the Indian mound cut in half.

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The sand hills continued to rise and fall in deep, undulating lines for five miles to the west, stopped by a fashionable watering-place, but none of the dunes could compare with the majestic head of the class which stood out the most prominent feature in the landscape. The waters of the Breach flowed to the north for half a mile, then made a sweep to the westward, broadening into a pond three miles in length, flowing along at the edge of the dune marsh on the south and on the opposite side past the farms divided by stone walls into fields and pastures, beginning at the water-mark of the Breach and extending back to the low hills at the north covered with timber and the many low bushes indigenous to land bordering on the beach.

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On the rocky side of the Breach clustered a dozen or so summer cottages; on the dune side there stood a solitary hut at the very edge of the water. At the point where the Breach turned toward the west it was spanned by an old wooden bridge in close proximity to a farmhouse and its outbuildings. On either hand the meadows and fields were dotted with similar houses as far as the vision could reach. Cows grazed in a pasture at no great distance from the house by the bridge, and unbridled horses trotted at intervals up and down in a small orchard near the house.

An ox team filled with marsh hay and eel grass was crossing the bridge and a man in a fishing-boat rowed down the Breach. There was no sound except the faint booming of the breakers on the beach and the darting about of a squirrel on the stone wall at one side of the road. Peace and repose abounded.

Louise had requested the driver to stop his horse while they filled themselves with as much of this beauty as they could see from that point. Now the Professor broke the silence by asking the man, "What is the land I see dimly far out at sea?"

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"Right out in front there, in line with them summer houses?" returned the driver, pointing with the stub of a whip.

"Yes."

"Block Island. You can't al'ays see it. To-day's more'n unusual clear, an' I can see the hotels—see them white spots? Beyont there, a little way to the right, be the end o' Long Island. When the dark comes on you can see Montaug light on it, an' Block Island light there, an' Watch Hill light there, an' when it's patic'ler clear, Pint Judy light way off there."

"Father, we are glad we came, aren't we?" said Louise to the Professor, who had put on his far-sighted glasses to get the view, and was leaning his head against a rod which supported the top of the carryall, in silent wonder and the awe with which he always contemplated the Creator's best handiwork.

"Yes, Louie, more than glad," he replied earnestly.

Just then a gunshot was heard on a distant hill.

"What is that?" asked Louise.

"I allow it's Jerry Simpson and Al Randall after partridges. The law's off next week, on the first or thereabouts, an' they's after the birds before the city fellers lays fur 'em."

"You see, father, what I have always said! It is always so. 'Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' Can't they leave the poor little creatures in peace amidst their beautiful surroundings!"

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"Well, Mister, seen enough o' the scenery yet? We mus' be movin' 'long. It's cur'us how city folks does take on over them sand-hills an' rocks an' things," and he urged Marthey to action, walking her slowly down the gradually sloping hill.

"Don't you think they are beautiful, yourself?" asked Louise.

"I don't never think nothin' 'bout 'em. They've al'ays been there, an' I cal'late they'll al'ays stay's long's I'm alive without my stoppin' to stare at 'em," he answered.

The road they now traveled made another turn toward the east when they reached the bottom of the hill, but the driver left it at this point, continuing his general direction toward the sea on a private road running between two stone walls and across the bridge into the marsh lying between the dunes and the pond. "Are we going to that lovely place by the bridge?" asked Louise.

"That's where Melissy Stillman lives," was the laconic reply.

Nothing more was said until they drove up in front of the gambrel-roof house facing the road, then the driver climbed out and, proceeding to the front door with his loose-jointed gait, called loudly, "Hi, there! Melissy! Be ye abed this time o' day? I've brung you some city folks come to board."

Unceremoniously he opened the front door and disappeared within. Presently he came out accompanied by a woman who, as the two appeared, was saying, "—ain't because there ain't been no letter from him givin' the time."

"Be this the one?" asked her companion, pulling the letters he had brought along out of his pocket. She took them in her hands, declaring, "Yes, it be. It ain't like the Doctor, to send folks without warnin', but I allow we'll make out right 'nough. If they can stan' me's I be I can stan' 'em's they be."

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When they reached the carryall the driver said, "There's the folks," whereupon Melissa gave a quick nod, saying with an unbecoming smile, "Yu're welcome. Git right down 'n come in. It wa'n't like the Doctor to send folks without lettin' me know, so I ain't fixed up spruce, but I'll make yu comf'table. We al'ays has plenty o' Johnnie cakes on han' if everything else do give out."

Louise leaned forward, replying, "I am sorry, Miss Stillman, if our coming puts you out. Doctor Layton said you would be ready

covered so entirely with dishes that the white cloth was barely visible.

for us at any time, and that he would write you and let you know about us."

"Yes, he writ me a letter all right, but he says I were to be real patic'lar 'bout yu folks, an' I were settin' things to rights when yu come. I allowed yu'd come to-morrow or nex' day. But come right in. Yu're welcome, only yu'll have to put up without no meat victuals fur dinner."

"I rarely eat meat, madam," said the Professor in his most gallant way. "Do not worry about our food; we are easily satisfied," getting out and assisting his daughter to alight as he spoke. "You have a beautiful home. We admire it extremely."

"Folks al'ays does," she replied indifferently, leading the way into the house. The Professor followed and stood talking to her on the doorstep, while Louise settled with the driver for their transportation.

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As they two stood together they presented almost a comical contrast. The Professor had never lost his youthful air of refined elegance. Melissa was not unrefined, but she was far from elegant even at her best. She was a woman of fifty-odd years (no one was quite certain how many odd, and she denied them), of medium height, with what is called "a full figure," only that in her case her fullness seemed to be made of bone more than flesh. Though not weighty in pounds, her every action signified weight, for as she walked one side of her body started to fall to earth, only to be prevented by the other side trying to do the same thing. Her hips were unbalanced—a defect clearly defined by the apron-strings tied around a waist never swerved from its natural line by a corset. Her arms and feet seemed to have had more time in which to grow than the rest of her body, they were so disproportionately long. The body was clothed in a navy-blue calico dress flowered in white, whose material was exactly matched by her apron.

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As for Melissa's head, it was way behind everything else about her in growth, resembling in shape a small, half-grown pumpkin. Her skin was about the color of a light-green window-shade; her brown eyes bulged without quite popping; her nose was well shaped, and her hair, though not abundant, had turned from a gray-brown into a clean-looking gray-white. As we have said before, Melissa's smile was unbecoming—because it was silly and too frequent, although she never had been known to laugh. When in repose, her face showed integrity, independence, kindness and strong will, but the instant that smile came all of these were lost in the appearance she presented of a simpering, kittenish, inquisitive old maid.

Strangely enough, with this change of facial expression came a simultaneous metamorphose in character. She had her smiling traits—the latter greatly to be preferred. As Melissa talked to the Professor she was her smiling self, which puzzled the old gentleman.

"Be yu and yure gurl the only ones o' the family comin'?" she smiled.

"Yes, madam," he replied. "We have no other members in our family."

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "Then yu be a widdy man, same's the Doctor!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Stillman," replied the puzzled Professor. "I did not understand your appellation."

"A widdy man. Is she long dead?"

"I presume you refer to my wife, madam," he said gravely. "My beloved wife has been dead for twenty years."

"I want to know! Yu don't say! Here's this what yu be lookin' fur?"

She handed his handkerchief to him.

"Thank you, madam, you are very kind. Could I trouble you to show us to our rooms? I see my daughter has finished her business arrangements, and we are fatigued."

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The smile vanished, and plain Melissa said, "Yes. Step right in," and she preceded them into the hall and up the stairway, into two large, comfortable bedchambers, one overlooking the sea, the other the low hills. She informed them that when dinner was ready they would be called by a bell, and left them in their separate rooms.

Louise stood by her window overlooking the sea view, too entirely fascinated by the prospect to remember the coal-soot and dust on her face and hands until she heard what sounded like a large cow-bell rung in the hall below; then she hurried through a toilette, knocked on her father's door, and they both went down to a meal unaccustomed to them for many years—dinner in the middle of the day. The dining-room was just below Louise's chamber, so that, as she sat down to the table,

she still could look at the ocean.

The floor of the room was covered with matting, but everything else about suggested age. A china closet filled with a delicate pink tea-set was built into the wall opposite the clock.

Over against the windows there was the high mantel-shelf under which the open fire used to blaze, but at this time was closed up, and an ugly hole showed where the stove-pipe was inserted when winter came.

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Over the mantel-shelf hung a motto worked in worsteds, reading, "To-day the Saviour Calls," and on either side of it in oval black frames hung photographs of an old lady and gentleman—Miss Melissa's parents. On the shelf was a large Bible, a beautifully shaped mulberry sugar-bowl, and some Indian relics ploughed up in the fields, such as spectacle-shaped stones which had served the Indians as charms, sling-stones, arrow-heads, spear-heads, skinning-knives, battle-axes, and fish-hooks made of bones.

The tall clock

swung its long pendulum to minute time; the chairs were of light wood, with rush bottoms, the backs traced in delicately colored wreaths of flowers.

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Miss Melissa sat at one end of the table, the Professor at the other. Opposite Louise sat a subdued-looking elderly woman, who seldom spoke. She was introduced as "my cousin, Sade Babcock—a widdy woman," and whenever there was occasion for service during the meal she arose from her place and attended to the wants of the rest while her own food grew cold. Miss Melissa used an original sign language in talking to her. Notwithstanding the absence of "meat victuals," there was enough on the table for a dozen people.

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"What'll yu take on yure Johnnie cake, Miss Fremont—chicken gravy warmed up from yesterday, currant jelly, or some city folks likes cream?" asked Miss Melissa, holding out the cream-pitcher invitingly.

"I really don't know which I prefer, Miss Stillman," replied Louise, "for I must confess that I never ate a Johnnie cake in my life."

"I want to know! Sade, did yu hear that?" she shouted. "She ain't never tasted Johnnie cake!" then more quietly, "Yu must ha' lived where folks don't know nothin' 't all 'bout eatin'! Try the gravy first place. It jus' suits my taste."

The dinner progressed with some conversational restraint on all sides, and with several long silences. After all the numerous dishes had been offered the guests, the majority being declined, Miss Melissa remarked, "Why, yu ain't got no kind o' appetites! Wait till yu've been in these parts a day or two an' yu'll eat 'nough to flesh yu up. Sade, git the apple slump now, an' see if it ain't more temptin' to 'em."

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The apple slump with cream—or apple Jonathan, as this delicious, delectable, indescribably good Rhode Island dessert is sometimes called, out of compliment to Brother Jonathan, who could give John Bull a few points on culinary delicacies if that well-fed gentleman would step into Miss Melissa's dining-room—proved most tempting.

As they arose from the table, Miss Melissa walked over to a door in line with the south windows and remarked: "I allowed yu'd sure to want to set on the porch an' look at the Breach—they al'ays does, so jus' to-day I fetched some chairs fur yu folks to set on. Step out an' see if 'tain't invitin'."

They did step out, and found it so inviting that, after she left them and they heard the bustle of clearing up in the dining-room subside, they sat on, until Louise remembered that the trunks were still unpacked.

When she went upstairs the Professor walked around the house on an inspection tour; he sat in the orchard for a few moments on a seat made between two trees, then wandered on down to the bridge, where he stood watching the bait-fish glide along the surface of the water, making an occasional impatient leap out into the air, and the blue crabs that sidled about on the sand in a shallow spot near the shore. No one passed; nothing happened to interrupt his lazy content until Louise joined him, and they crossed the bridge and followed the road leading down to the dunes past the solitary cottage.

"Father!" said Louise, as they walked along. "Have we found Heaven?"

"No, Louie dear. We are only seeing God's smile," replied the Professor, taking off his hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WILKINS' BROTHERS AND SISTERS

By

CLARENCE HYDE

"MY SISTER is a wonderful girl for room," said Wilkins, as we stood up in a Broadway open car the other afternoon, clinging for support to the back hair of the folks on the seat in front of us, and wondering why there were no straps. "She almost always has plenty of room wherever she goes, does Marguerite, no matter how jammed full a car may be."

Then he continued in a distinctly audible voice, and with much apparent glee and admiration, to tell how "Marguerite always has two seats at least, and fills them both effectually against encroachment."

While he spoke, I noticed that a woman on the forward seat, with several bundles and a stony face, was getting fidgety. The passengers were looking at her furtively, several of them smiling, and one, a young "sales-lady" from a department store, smiled out loud. The woman was looking straight ahead, and trying not to see nor hear, but as Wilkins went on with his story, it was manifest she was by no means filled with joy.

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He described Marguerite's method of bundling up the bench on both sides of her, and thus securing two-and-one-half times as much space as a single fare entitled her to, while the woman with the stony face grew white and red and fierce by turns, till finally she gathered up her parcels and a handbag she had put lengthwise on the seat and plowed her way off the car. An old lady toppled into the place where the valise had been, and two men sat down in the rest of the vacated space. Wilkins was smiling at a girl up in a second-story window.

The next day I was going up on the "L" with Wilkins when a woman with a babe in her arms came aboard. Every seat was occupied, of course, and, oddly enough, all but one of them by women. One of these asked the woman with the babe to take her seat, but she declined graciously. The one man sitting at one end of the car was buried in a yellow journal. We stood almost in front of him, and Wilkins began to tell me about his brother, just back from the West.

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"That brother of mine is a peach," said Wilkins. "He's great on his rights and triumphant at every opportunity he has to enforce them. Rights are sacred whenever they're paid for, he says, and he allows he'll pump lead into the first man that tries to do him. He don't take any stock in coddling women. These new women must meet men on men's level or else get out, he declares. You'll never see him get up to offer his seat to a woman anywhere. No, sir! If he is once planted in a seat, he stays there till he is ready to leave the car. Why, a woman might stand in front of him an hour with twins on each arm, and he wouldn't go against his principles enough even to see her.

"Usually, in his suave Western style, he sticks his nose into a newspaper, and never moves unless some one steps on his corns. Then he lets folks know what's what." As the train drew away from the next station the woman with the baby had a seat, and the man with the yellow journal was making a hot-day record on his way down to the street.

"Athletics are a grand thing for women," said Wilkins, as we went along with the crowd before the boxes at the horse show one night, and were trying to preserve our ribs against the assaults of a corpulent female eager to get up close to stare at the best advertised couple in the Four Hundred.

"My sister has recently joined the Vassar graduates' football eleven, and she is going to play centre against the Wellesley grads, Saturday. Better come up to the game with me. You ought to see Elliphifina rush. She has the weight, you know, and is delightfully unscrupulous about using it. She is pretty strong, too, and goes in to kill. You should see her go bang into a crowd here in the city sometimes. She just tears her way along. There's nothing but ruin in her path, I tell you. She can do up a man with her elbows, and can destroy a whole wardrobe in a scrimmage without a particle of compunction. Can't phase her in any way. Her motto is 'Get there.' Why, sometimes——"

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But the female steam-roller had reversed her lever and pulled out. In the relief that ensued, Wilkins forgot about Elliphifina.

Wilkins saw a woman offer a twenty-dollar bill to a conductor once, and a few days later he chanced to see the same woman and the same bill again. Each time the woman had a free ride.

"Three times and out," he said to me, as we were coming down one morning and the twenty appeared again. "Do you know," he continued, as I looked at him encouragingly, "my sister is one of the most ingenious women in this city. Maude hasn't paid a cent of carfare on surface roads for two years. She says she has saved a hundred and twelve dollars since she discovered the method. All it costs her, financially, is the interest on twenty dollars. She carries a twenty—sometimes gold, sometimes currency—with her always, and springs it on the conductor with a winning smile. That smile is part of the game. She practices it before a mirror. I've a snap-shot of her in the act. I'd like to get another snap-shot," he said, as the woman with the twenty told the conductor she thought she was on an uptown car, and asked him to let her off.

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We had a long trip on a boat before us one day, to look at some real estate up the river. Most of the party were strangers, and among them was a talker who filled the air with his noise. Wilkins was interested at once. He had a brother, he told me, whose lungs were so weak in infancy that the doctors gave him up, but he could bellow like a bull now and never turn a hair. "'Boist'rous Bill,' we call him," said Wilkins; "and I have to laugh when I think of it, he was so puny when he was a kid. No one would ever think it now, though.

"Bill can make more noise than any man I ever heard. Everywhere he goes he lets off noise. He is not to blame, of course, for it is the only thing that has saved him from a consumptive's grave, and he has really a most lovable disposition.

"Talking loud, and yelling and monopolizing the conversation everywhere, and being a bazoon and an annoyance, is second nature to him. My formerly weak-lunged brother is unconscious of all this, but until people come to know him they say harsh things. We don't think for a moment there is anything the matter with his mind—nothing serious, at least—and perhaps some day he may——"

Wilkins went on like this for fifteen minutes, and, though he spoke low, he had the whole party by the ears. The man with the lusty voice stopped talking for some time, and then didn't say a word above a whisper the rest of the passage.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This sketch, by Clarence Hyde, is taken from the New York Press.

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Are the Plots All Exhausted?

"There are no new plots under the sun."

THE critics of to-day, in viewing fiction, say the plots have all been used, the stories have all been told, and future novels must be mere rehearsals and rearrangements, old tunes set to different keys. In support of this position, they quote Solomon's words, "There is no new thing under the sun." They seem to forget that, while there have been no new elements added to the world since the creation, every day discovers new and original combinations of these elements. Thousands of shades and tints may be formed from the combinations of the seven primary colors found in a single ray of sunlight, and millions of years of study could not exhaust the possible combinations and duplications of the ten numerals.

The first novel was written in the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and nearly every work of fiction since that time has been but an adaptation, a change, a modification or a development of that first scene in history. There, first were shown the elements of fiction the novelist uses to this day. There are the tempter, a strong temptation, the treacherous friend, the surrender, the disobedience, theft, woman's generosity, the family quarrel; regret, the hiding from justice, the discovery of the guilt, the questioning, deception, circumstantial evidence, the confession; man's selfishness, the test of love, throwing the blame on another, false testimony, the verdict, the eviction; divine retribution, the dress problem, the labor question, family disgrace, emigration, and the punishment, scandal and suffering through heredity!

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The reason why there are so few original plots in novels is the morbid searching on the part of writers for a wild, striking plot, a powerful *denouement*; they select the climax, and work the characters they create in a way to reach that; they begin to build their pyramid from the apex downward. The novel and its plot with them is created, not begotten; thus, as with Frankenstein's monster, there can be no growth or development. Their very attempt to be original narrows and limits them, confining them to mere exaggerations, modifications, and distortions of the conventional plots. The mechanism shows constantly, and evidences are met on every line that, like guide-posts, point to a climax or "scene."

In the best and lasting novels of the day, it is only by putting the memory to a strain that we can recall the plot; it is really but the background of the picture, not even that; it seems only of importance in giving opportunity to the character to say or do whatever its characteristics dictate, and this being accomplished, the value of each part of the plot in turn ceases, and we hardly remember it existed. The common novelist parades his plot, the master artistically disguises it. With the writers of the greater part of the present day novels, the plot is the edifice; with the master, the plot is but the scaffolding from which the edifice was reared.

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The true method for the making of a plot is the development of what may be called a plot-germ. Take two or three characters, strongly individualized, morally and mentally, place them in a strong situation, and let them develop. They must merely act out their characteristics, and a plot will be evolved that the mind of the author might never conceive of if he worked from the climax backward. There are hundreds of these plot-germs in every incident of our every-day life, conversation and newspaper reading, and the slightest change in the character at starting will give a wide difference in ending, as the merest move of the rudder of a mighty ship may change her destination many leagues.

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There are but three primary elements in a novel: man, country and circumstances; man is the embodiment of the characteristics of mind, heart and body; country is the element that gives those characteristics tone, color and intensity; and circumstances give opportunity for them to exist as actions. These elements make all plots possible.

As a germ-plot, take a noble and pure woman, loving her father and her lover equally strongly, the two loves, though differing in kind, being each of maximum intensity. The situation is one in which she is forced to sacrifice either the one or the other. Placing this germ for development in English society produces one plot; subjecting it for development to the warm, impulsive life of Italy forms another; the restrained life of India forms still another; while China, with its strict social laws for the conduct of women, would again bring another plot to life.

Change the country, and the entire atmosphere is changed; the elements are subjected to new influences, which develop new incidents and so a new plot. Make the heroine Jew, Christian, Pagan, Brahman or Atheist, and an element has been introduced that must form an entirely different plot. Cause her to lose her lover's affection; if she still loves, an additional potent force has been introduced. Change any vital part in any character, and the plot must be different. Writing this way, the various combinations which the author may make are infinite, so that one might almost say two plots thus developed from the same plot-germ can have no greater resemblance than two shells cast up by the ocean.

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But ordinary writers proceed on a different basis, merely playing ingeniously with conventional plots; their novel is not so much a story, as a conundrum propounded to the reader, to which he must guess the answer.

(1) Given a rich English Squire, childless, with two nephews. On the night of his sixty-eighth birthday he is found murdered in his bed. His will, dated that day, bequeathes the estate to the nephew he detested.

Query. Did this nephew forge the will and murder the old man? If not, then explain the circumstantial evidence.

(2) Two sisters, Rose and Pink, are in love with Prince Zebidee. Rose is good, Pink is wicked; the Prince loves Rose. Pink sends him forged letters and other regulation matter purporting to come from Rose.

Query. How will Pink's treachery be discovered, and the clouds of unhappiness roll by for Rose?

(3) In order to gain the heart and hand of Sir Thornfield, Lady Frizzle, aged about forty-six, disguises herself as a beautiful young maiden of seventeen.

Query. Will he love her after he discovers her perfidy; and if so, how much? Will the critics call it a strong, powerful novel, original in plot and character; and if so, why?

(4) The infant daughter of the Marquis de Villiers is stolen from her home. Twenty years after, a band of gypsies encamp near the palatial residence of the Marquis. He has just died, and another is to gain the heritage.

Query. How will the author bring the gypsy girl into the palace and checkmate the false heir in three moves?

The question of originality thus lies to a great extent with the individual writer. It is to a certain degree one of method. Constant twistings and turnings of worn-out situations, with characters who lack characteristics, will never produce it. Chess and checkers may be played on the same board, but the games are widely different. In the first, all pieces have different powers, different characteristics and different possibilities; while in the other it is a clear, regular, even disposition of one power, thus proportionally narrowing the possibilities of situations and crucial positions.

Life is the wide board upon which the novelist has to play, and with pieces whose characters and powers change with every move, influenced and controlled by past, present and future, so that the combinations are infinite.

—THE EDITOR.

The Wrong Side of Patriotism

IT IS a good thing to teach children to love their own country by making that country a very real and definite entity in their thoughts and imaginations, and the schools have a very important work to do in this direction. The processes of education, and much of the material which it uses, are essentially abstract in nature, and do not create any deep attachments or awaken any enthusiasm; they discipline, train and inform, but they do not give the sense of human relationship, and bind the boy or girl to their fellows in a deep feeling of the community of work and destiny.

Education without this sense of race fellowship is, however, the dreariest and most disastrous of failures. The floating of the flag over the school house, the habit of rising and standing whenever and wherever the national hymn is sung, the constant and habitual reference to the country as an object of supreme love and devotion, are distinctly and definitely educational in their influence; they feed the imagination of youth with noble images, and furnish a real centre for its enthusiasms. Patriotism is one of the loftiest, because one of the most unselfish of virtues, and, like every other virtue, it is largely the product of the right kind of education. But the fact cannot be overlooked that there are wrong kinds of education, and there is ground for believing that some teachers need clearer ideas on this subject.

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In the minds of children, the great conception of one's country ought always to be presented on the noblest constructive side. What we ought to teach, for instance, is love of America, not hatred of England; but there have been not a few teachers who have apparently gone on the theory that, in order to make their pupils patriotic, it was necessary to keep alive the outworn animosity to the mother country. These mistaken teachers have learned better during the past six months. Hatred of England will be no longer a part of the education of the American boy. There is danger, however, that this false method may take on new forms of life.

There is a tendency in some quarters to emphasize the sentiment conveyed in the phrase "Remember the Maine!" rather than the sentiment of deep-rooted moral antagonism to Spanish methods of government. The constructive side of the war—the only side that has any place in the schools—was the rescue of Cuba from oppressive misrule, not the opportunity of revenge which it afforded. For the same reason, the scheme to raise money for a battle-ship, by the contributions of school children, ought to be vigorously condemned. It would be a misuse of a noble educational opportunity. The battle-ship is necessary, and has been the scene of splendid and inspiring patriotism; but the side of character to which the associations of the battle-ship appeal does not need any stimulus. Children need to have their attention fastened upon another class of national activities. The club of the police is not a true symbol of the highest municipal life; the destructive force of a nation, however necessary and noble in its place, is not the highest symbol of its nature and functions.

—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

Living Up to Our Knowledge

IN THE hurry and bustle of modern civilization, the world has little time to look into details; it passes judgment hurriedly, and it decides whether a man is a failure or a success wholly on the ground of what he has done. Achievement is the criterion. Thomas Carlyle struck many a true note, but none truer than when he said: "Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom."

The graduate possesses a thousand facts gathered from the storehouse of knowledge, and a fairly concrete theory of life obtained from the recorded experience of humanity.

Besides the mathematics, the sciences, and other definite acquirements, he has learned the common lessons of philosophy—that patience and industry are as a rule necessary to success; that honesty is best; that temporal prosperity waits upon good judgment and frugality; that, while the cheers of the world are often the reward of mere reputation, the heart of the world is never won save by a high and noble character.

All this knowledge he has, and more, but that is not his kingdom. The only realm over which he may hope to wield the sceptre is that which is won by the translation of knowledge into deeds.

Not by what he knows, but by what he does with his knowledge, shall he in the future be known of men.

Every educated man knows how to succeed. The rules are as plain as the sun, and as commonplace. Whether the road chosen be that of a profession or a business, success is practically assured by an absolute devotion of the man to the object of his ambition. He is required to lose himself, like an inspired actor, in the part he assumes.

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Most of us know this, but how few are able to win their kingdom by applying the knowledge! We do not lose ourselves in our part—we rather lose our part in ourselves. We are drifted here and there by a myriad fleeting and factitious desires and whims. In knowledge the Emperors of fate, we are in action the vassals of vacillation.

Riches are practically difficult to obtain, but it is only the stupidest class of persons who have missed the axiomatic theory by which at least a competence may be gained. One has only for a portion of the earning years of his life to save a fair percentage of his income. Those whose bank accounts give them the right to speak, tell us that the road even to fortune is comparatively smooth after the thousand-dollar post has been reached.

We all know these things so well that the philosopher who repeats them appears as foolish as a man who should attempt to make merchandise of the common air. We know, but we do not act, and so the vision of our kingdom grows dim and dimmer with the years. We fix our eyes yearningly on the goal and stupidly walk backward all our lives.

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There is a rational aspect to Carlyle's creed. In the twinkling of an eye, the horizon of our country seems to have expanded beyond the dream limit of the most enthusiastic patriot. It is the common thought that a new kingdom has come to us, but in truth, like the theories of success, it is a kingdom only in the tentative. Possession is nothing but opportunity.

Spain owned all these new old lands and more, but year by year, following inevitably her policy of ignorance and oppression, her provinces slipped from her, achieving independence or attaching themselves to nations more progressive. In what Spain has had she has been the greatest Kingdom in the world, but in the supreme test of what she has done it has dwindled to a shadow.

The scope of the rule of the United States in the new lands will not be represented in the ultimate by square miles or numbers of population, but by the beneficence and wisdom of her policies.

—FREDERICK NYE.

Perpetual Motion in Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is natural selection, sustained by perpetual motion. It is not the sudden and spasmodic feeling of friendliness which moves one monarch to visit a brother monarch and indulge in honeyed but empty protestations of eternal friendship. It does not find expression in the cold, formal kiss with which two women greet each other. It is a vital feeling; it lives; it throbs with sympathy; it is unaffected, spontaneous.

Any one may wander indefinitely about the world, meeting and conversing with great numbers of people, only to be passed by without a regret or flash of attraction; then, one day, without premonition, one or more individualities cross one's own, mutual selection takes place, the feeling of home in each other's society follows, and a friend is made.

But making friends is an easy matter compared with keeping friends. Perpetual motion must now be considered as the secret of enduring friendship. Jack and Jill meet and find, to their exquisite pleasure, that the same currents of air warm their lives, that they have hitched their wagon to the same star, or, in usual parlance, they are congenial. They move apace for a time, then separate.

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After an interval, they meet again, eagerly expecting to take up the friendship exactly where it left off, leaving out of their calculations altogether the natural consequences of motion. Each has moved on, one perhaps faster than the other. When the long-anticipated meeting takes place, the friends feel as though a cold fog hung between them. Their minds are open to mutual criticism, choking out, as do the weeds in a flower-bed, that rare blossom of friendship which endureth all things, if sufficiently hardy to outlive the weeds.

Uncritical friendship alone can endure. Mature men and women cannot reform each other at every meeting; their business is to take each other at the individual best, allowing for differences of opinions and creed, according to the individual experience.

True friendship selects surely and grows slowly, but is ever on the move. If it does not go forward, it will go backward. It is more difficult to forgive a friend than an enemy, because of what we expect from the former. It is natural for an enemy to slay us; unnatural for a friend, hence the magnitude of his offending in our eyes, unless our feeling for him be founded on a rock of lenient endurance.

It would seem upon occasions that friends were given us as lessons in patience and broad charity. We have been taught to forgive our enemies; full as much do we need to learn indulgence in friendship. This does not apply to mushroom friendships—the growth of a day, dying at the first approach of night—but to the three or four close attachments in each life which cast a warm glow through the years and keep one's ideal of humanity on an encouraging level.

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Joanna Baillie said: "Friendship is no plant of hasty growth. Though rooted in esteem's deep soil, the slow and gradual culture of kind intercourse must bring it to perfection."

Culture! That is the point. Cultivate the growth, the motion of friendship, as you would the Queen Rose in your garden; tend and water it with sympathy, nourish it with pride of possession, then wear it in your crown.

—HERBERT EVERETT.

ROMANCE OF THE SEA COAST

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN SMUGGLING

By RENÉ BACHE, *with a Picture by* GEORCE CIBBS

THERE is one form of cheatery which from most people's viewpoint involves no moral turpitude worth mentioning—namely, the defrauding of the customs. It is understood that the Government is entitled only to such a proportion of the tariff duties as it is able to collect, and that anybody is at liberty to withhold payment if he can do so by the exercise of ingenuity or deception.

There survives at the present day a good deal of the old-time feeling that revenue laws in general are infringements of popular rights. Women are all born smugglers, the Treasury officials say, and this feminine weakness is so far recognized as beyond their own control that they are almost never prosecuted for such offenses.

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In olden times smuggling was an industry involving hazard of life and fortune, and a guerilla warfare was continually waged between the foes of the revenue and the coast-guards. The smugglers stored their precious laces, wines and other valuables in caves and other mysterious places, and many was the fight on the sea between the laden lugger, often powerfully armed, and the pursuing Government cutter. All of this is past and gone. The smugglers of to-day enjoy no such desperate adventures; but there is enough excitement and risk, though of a different sort, connected with their business.

Very little smuggling is now done in this country by organized gangs. It is rather to be regarded as a pursuit of a popular nature, affording amusement and trifling individual profits to large numbers of persons who make trips across the Atlantic and back. On the other hand, there can be no doubt of the fact that a lucrative business is done by a comparatively few professional smugglers who are extremely clever people, their industry requiring quick wit and a high order of intelligence. The ablest experts in this line are women, some of whom are well known as such to the Government officials, and yet are so skillful as to be rarely caught.

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Duties on imported gowns, laces and other feminine finery are very high, and the temptation to bring them in without paying Uncle Sam his percentage is proportionately great. Hence it comes about that the fashionable dressmakers and milliners in New York and other large cities are among the most inveterate of smugglers.

Madame Raiment, of Fifth Avenue, the Parisian expert in up-to-date frocks, sends at least half a dozen young women abroad during the slack season each summer, with measurements for a large number of elaborate and costly costumes. The girls return in the fall as fine ladies, each of them with several trunks full of exquisite toilettes—personal property, of course, and as such entitled to free entry. Obviously, it is not practicable for the officials to compel the young women to try on the dresses at the wharf in order to discover if they fit.

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The Government itself can only guess at its own loss by smuggling. It has been asserted that one million dollars' worth of diamonds are brought into the United States in surreptitious ways annually, but this is only a surmise, and is probably a much-exaggerated estimate. The duty on cut diamonds, uncut stones being free, has been reduced to ten per cent. for no other purpose than to lessen the inducement for smuggling them.

Gems of this kind represent such high value concentrated in small bulk that it is almost impossible to prevent people from fetching fortunes' worth of them into the country undetected. If the tariff on them were high, Uncle Sam would collect almost no duty at all; so he puts it 'way down in order that there may be little temptation.

It is rather interesting to observe that under the present tariff law imitation diamonds must pay twice as much duty as real ones. The business of diamond smuggling has met with some discouragement in consequence of the arrest and conviction in two cases of persons engaged in it on a large scale.

One of these instances was that of a Hebrew importer in Cincinnati. Notification reached the customs officials to the effect that the Captain of a certain passenger steamship expected to arrive in Philadelphia had a package of gems addressed to this importer.

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An officer boarded the vessel on its arrival, and, by a bit of bluff, induced the Captain to give up the parcel, which proved to contain $8000 worth of "sparklers." Of course, they were forfeited to the Government. The importer was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary. The case is now before the Supreme Court on a writ of error, the claim of the defense being that the smuggling was not consummated, inasmuch as the diamonds were not taken off the ship and landed.

A favorite method of smuggling diamonds has been to ship them from Paris or London to Montreal, Canada, charging no duty on them, and then to take them secretly across the border into the United States. Not long ago it was ascertained that an importer in New York was practicing this system in a large way. An agent of the firm was followed to Montreal by a detective, who saw him receive a package "declared" to contain $20,000 worth of gems.

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The detective continued to "shadow" the agent, and took the same sleeping-car with him for New York. As soon as the boundary had been crossed the detective demanded the package, and, when the agent denied possession of it, he sat upon him and searched him. Nothing was found, the agent having handed the parcel to another man, who had safely crossed the border by another route.

Ingenuity has been exhausted in devising hiding-places for smuggled diamonds. They are hidden in the heels of shoes, in cakes of soap, in the hollow legs of dolls, in false calves, in corks of perfumery bottles, and even in cheeses. Women smugglers have been known to wrap them in tissue-paper just the color of their hair, in which they were well concealed.

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One man is said to have employed with great success a hollow cane, with which he made twelve trips across the Atlantic, on occasions carrying as much as $50,000 worth of stones in this way. He was afraid to try the thirteenth, and so bought a new cane.

An exceptionally clever person bought a dog for a dollar in London, and before going ashore at New York gave a hunk of fresh meat to the animal. It was instantly swallowed, together with several big diamonds which it contained. After reaching home the man killed the dog and recovered the gems.

A story is told of a professional smuggler who brought over $100,000 worth of diamonds. With much care and neatness he sawed out a small piece of the floor of his stateroom on board the steamship, and concealed the gems beneath. Instead of taking them with him when he went ashore, he left them in their hiding-place until the vessel was to sail on her return trip, having engaged the same stateroom for a passage back to Europe. On the day of sailing his wife went aboard with him to say good-by, and he quietly handed to her the package of stones. She took them ashore unquestioned, and disposed of them advantageously at leisure.

There is record of another case in which a man, being subjected to search in his stateroom on board ship, dropped some diamonds unobserved into a water-pitcher that stood by, afterward taking measures to recover them. Most ingenious was the scheme of a person who took the trouble to remove the powder from behind the bullets in a number of revolver cartridges, replacing the explosive with gems of great price. He was so tickled with his own cleverness that he mentioned the matter on board the steamer coming over. It chanced that he was overheard by a boy who afterward grew up, was employed in the Secret Service, and had the man arrested.

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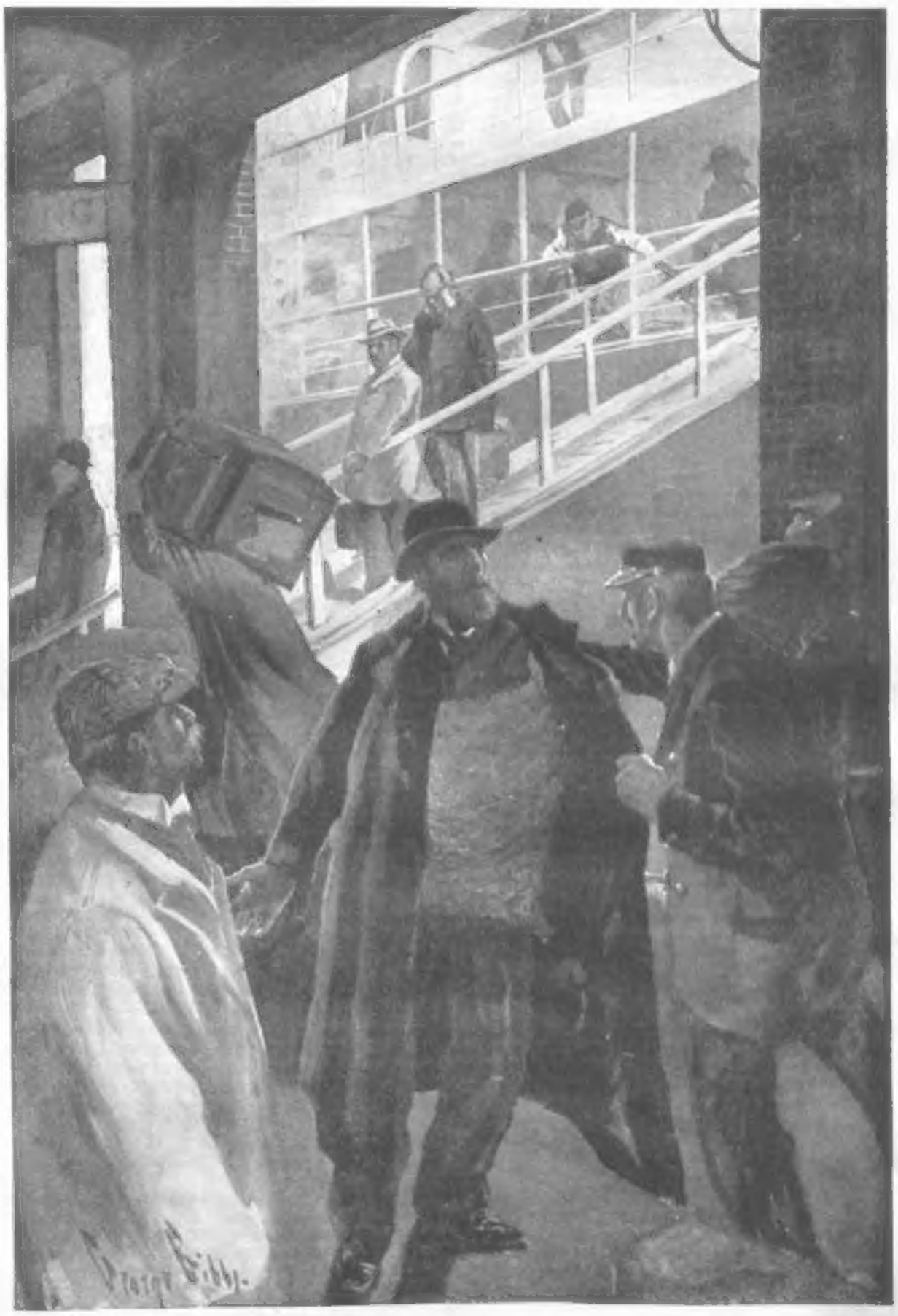
Not less clever was a lady who, during her homeward voyage across the Atlantic, borrowed the jacket of a steerage passenger, afterward returning it. After landing and passing the inspectors safely, she bought the jacket of the steerage passenger at a surprisingly high price. The garment had been sewn full of jewels.

Any person who gives information that results in the seizure of smuggled goods is entitled to twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of their sale. Accordingly, there are

CLAD IN LACES MERELY FOR WARMTH



EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the third of the POST's series on the Romance of the Seacoast.

I—The Life-Savers Along the Coast . . . October 22
II—The Lights Along the Shore . . . November 5
III—The Romance of Modern Smuggling . . November 26

many people abroad who make a regular business of "spotting" intending smugglers. Sneak work of this kind is done by some of the employees in big jewelry and other shops in Paris and London. Such an individual will send notice to the customs officials on this side that a designated traveler carries a lot of jewels, or what not, with design to smuggle them. Maybe the merchandise has actually been purchased at the shop in which the informer is employed. At all events, if the guess proves correct, the spy receives his twenty-five per cent. commission, while if it is incorrect it costs him nothing.

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Passengers who mean to do any smuggling will do well to beware of the stewardesses on ocean steamships, for they very frequently give tips to the customs officers. In this way some of the best-devised schemes for evading the tariff have been brought to grief. It is very difficult to contrive a way of smuggling that has not been already used. Silks, laces and shawls have been brought over in bales of hops. Iron tubing has been employed to conceal valuable goods; likewise loaves of bread, cork legs, the handles of shaving brushes, and concertinas.

A Bible, hollowed out and carried by a reverend-looking gentleman with white whiskers, was filled with watches. Oil cans have been made with compartments to contain fine French brandy, and one dog has been known to wear the skin of a slightly bigger dog, with laces hidden between his own and the borrowed integument.

Imitation lumps of coal filled with cigars have been concealed in the bunkers on shipboard—a cheat exceedingly difficult to detect. Opium has been hidden in oranges, and in bananas still hanging on the stalk, as well as in sausages and in the hump of a supposed hunchback. Mattresses thrown out on the wharf to air have been found to be full of silks, and twenty yards of point lace were discovered on one occasion beneath a porous plaster on a man's back.

One well-known woman smuggler had long defied detection, when at length it was ascertained that she carried valuable diamonds in the artificial grapes on her hat.

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Coffins coming over by steamer are always regarded with suspicion. There was one instance where a lead casket, not long ago, was accompanied by relatives of the defunct in the deepest mourning, who brought certificates guaranteeing everything O. K.

Nevertheless, the customs officer at New York insisted upon opening the receptacle. There was a dead body inside, and it would have passed had not the inspector seen an eye watching his movements from behind one of the mourner's handkerchiefs. He explored further and found a large quantity of silks and gloves. The corpse was that of a pauper, borrowed for the occasion.

Women smugglers usually hide things on their person. Many is the small tragedy that has been enacted at the wharves, when seemingly fat ladies have been divested, under compulsion, of their clothing and embonpoint, the latter consisting of laces, etc. Of course, such searches are conducted by female attendants, and in New York there is a woman employee of the customs service who is famous for her expertness in detecting anything artificial in the make-up of an individual of her own sex.

Several thousand dollars' worth of goods were recently taken from a fair smuggler, who wept bitterly while being relieved of costly hair switches and other merchandise, all of which was very troublesome to carry about. The switches were concealed in a double skirt, and her bonnet was full of valuable jewelry. When bustles were in fashion they were favorite receptacles for smuggled articles of great value.

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A good deal of smuggling is done through employees on the trans-Atlantic steamships. They have plenty of places in which to hide things, and are not subjected to search unless for some special reason. Officers of the United States Navy are chronic smugglers, taking advantage of a certain amount of latitude which is allowed to them in fetching from foreign lands goods which are supposed to be for their own personal use. Under this disguise they are accustomed to fill many commissions for their friends in the way of purchasing rugs, silks, wines and cigars.

Diplomats accredited to this Government are allowed as a matter of courtesy to bring into the country whatever they want free of duty, the indulgence being granted by the Secretary of the Treasury, through the Secretary of State, in response to formal application in each case. It is said that this privilege has sometimes been greatly abused, some foreigners in Washington importing wines, etc., for the purpose of sale.

It is alleged that English tailors send to this country men who bring with them as their personal property suits of clothes made for fashionable Philadelphians and New Yorkers. Going back, the men carry fresh measurements and orders with them. There is no doubt of the fact that tailors in Canada solicit trade in the United States, and smuggle clothing across the border. The clothing is conveyed sometimes by conductors and porters on the railways, being hidden occasionally in the berths of unsuspecting passengers. Once over the boundary, it is taken to the nearest express office and shipped to the purchaser.

The same method is adopted with valuable furs imported surreptitiously from Quebec. A good deal of clothing is brought over by employees of steamships. The devices adopted by smugglers of personal finery are frequently very clever. Costly laces are sewn upon underclothing, and gloves are hidden between the leaves of books.

A book that reached the New York post-office from Paris was found to contain one-half of a pair of silk tights—that is to say, one leg. The inspector who made the discovery thought he would wait a bit, and a few days later, just as he expected, along came the other leg in the same way.

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The business of smuggling has almost infinite variations, and the customs officials are always on the lookout for something new. One day a maid on a trans-Atlantic steamer pilfered a chocolate drop from a box of candy which she found in a stateroom. When she bit it her teeth struck a big diamond. The corset with many pockets is a long-familiar contrivance. Of course, the inspectors keep careful watch for false bottoms in trunks and other receptacles, and it is a mighty smart bit of construction in this line that escapes their observation.

A lookout has to be kept for bogus antiquities. Real antique objects belonging to a period earlier than the seventeenth century are free, and attempts are often made to bring in articles of modern manufacture under this regulation.

The subject of undervaluations for fraudulent purposes is such a big one that no extended discussion of it is practicable here. Not long ago, by collusion with a customs officer, certain packages of cotton quilts were sent to the appraiser's store in New York for examination. They were supposed to be sample packages, representing a large number imported, but they were dummies. The other packages were filled with silks.

The idea, of course, was to get the silks into the country at the valuation of cotton quilts. This was hardly a typical case of undervaluation, however, inasmuch as cheats of that kind are usually attempted by misrepresentation of the quality of the article. For example, dealers in cigars used to make arrangements with Cuban manufacturers by which they obtained high-priced "weeds" under the disguise of cheap brands. In this way the duty was reduced greatly.

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Quite recently a suit was brought against the Government for the recovery of what was alleged to be an overpayment of duties on hat-trimmings. It was a test case, the decision really involving several millions of dollars. In the course of the proceedings an expert in hat-trimmings was called as a witness, and the District Attorney, who represented the Treasury, held up a bonnet for his inspection, saying, "Such materials as these, I suppose, are familiar to you as employed in the making of bonnets?"

The expert replied without hesitation in the affirmative, but was put to confusion by the cross-examiner, who said, "That is certainly remarkable, inasmuch as the body of this bonnet which I hold in my hand is composed of a lady's undervest, while the trimming is made from a pair of stockings."

Just at present the smuggling of drugs is a popular mode of cheating the revenue, some medicinal preparations being charged with a high duty. A curious question arose recently with regard to the importation of eels at Buffalo, the claim being made that the particular variety of eels brought into that port were fresh-water fish from land-locked waters, and as such duty-free.

It was decided that eels can only be regarded as migratory fishes, dutiable as such at the rate of three-quarters of a cent a pound. Home fishes must be protected at all costs from competition by those which spend all or part of their time in alien waters. Of course, as a matter of fact, eels never breed elsewhere than in the ocean.

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The present tariff law puts a duty of one dollar and eighty-five cents a pound on wrapper tobacco and thirty-five cents a pound on filler tobacco. Hence it pays to conceal wrapper material in bales of filler imported, and this is often done. Cigars are being smuggled all the time in quantities. Some time ago an investigation was made of abuses in the importation of cigars as ships' stores by steamers running between Havana and United States ports.

It was proved that these vessels were bringing in something like 300,000 cigars annually, on which no duty was paid. Most of them were noted on the manifests as belonging to the crews, and undoubtedly were smuggled ashore for sale. A revenue tug took in one batch 18,000 fine cigars which had been thrown overboard at quarantine in rubber bags, with floats attached, to be picked up later. Many cigars are smuggled across from Mexico, the chief centre of such operations being the town of Nogales. The main street of that town coincides with the boundary between Mexico and the United States, and some of the shops have a back door in one country and a front door in the other. There are similar "line stores" along the Canadian border, through which a good deal of smuggling is accomplished.

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Smugglers like to see duties go up, particularly on articles of small bulk and concentrated value, which for obvious reasons are most easily smuggled. Opium affords a good illustration. In 1883 the tariff on refined opium for smoking was raised from six dollars to ten dollars a pound, and as a consequence imports dropped immediately from 295,000 pounds to less than 40,000 per annum. This did not mean that less opium was brought into the country, but merely that more of it was smuggled.

The inducement to smugglers was made so great that syndicates of capitalists went into the business, and it was reckoned by Secretary of the Treasury Folger that one of these gangs cheated the Government out of something like $4,000,000.

Nevertheless, the duty was raised again in 1889 to twelve dollars a pound, putting an additional two dollars into the pockets of the revenue robbers for every pound of the narcotic drug that they could convey secretly into the United States.

At length the futility of this policy was perceived, and the duty on opium has been reduced to six dollars. As a result, Uncle Sam collects a good share of the duties to which he is entitled, while the profits of the smugglers have been so far reduced as to seriously cripple their industry. Immense capital has been employed in the business of bringing opium into the United States from the British possessions.

Quantities of the drug also were brought over in the trans-Pacific steamships. Firemen and stokers hid it in the coal on board, where it was practically impossible to find it. Cans filled with the stuff were placed in the hollow iron masts, lowered into the pump with strings, and placed between the walls of staterooms and the skin of the ship.

On entering port the cans were dropped overboard, with sinkers and floats attached, to be picked up later by boats. Another scheme was to conceal the drug in double-bottomed pails, which were carried ashore by sailors, filled with odds and ends. This latter plan worked for a long time before it was discovered. Planks were bored lengthwise with auger holes and filled with opium, or the stuff was hidden in sticks of firewood hollowed out.

Large quantities of opium were imported by way of Puget Sound in big timber logs which were cut in two lengthwise, hollowed out, and made seemingly whole again by means of wooden pins. A single log thus treated would hold several thousand dollars' worth of the article. A few of them included in a cargo of timber would be pretty safe from detection.

It is probable that the device would have remained unsuspected had it not been that some of the logs, after being emptied of their precious contents, were thrown away. The Government inspectors found a few of them floating on the water, and a casual examination sufficed to reveal the purpose for which they had been employed.

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On one occasion three customs officers dressed themselves up as fishermen, and, taking with them some herring nets, went out on a voyage of discovery in Puget Sound. They were after opium smugglers. A big storm came, upset their boat, and cast them away upon the shore of San Juan Island, where they were most hospitably treated by the fisher folk. Not hesitating to take a rather unfair advantage of the circumstances, they lived for a while on the island, which proved to be a veritable nest of smugglers of opium and whisky. As a result, a number of the hospitable fisher people were arrested and put into jail.

One of the most important and profitable branches of the smuggling business relates to human merchandise—namely, Chinese laborers, who are imported into the country secretly and in disregard of the law. It is alleged that on occasions crews of vessels employed in this industry have thrown Chinamen overboard for the purpose of destroying evidence against themselves.

A few years ago some Chinamen were hidden under the boilers of a steamer bound from Vancouver to San Francisco. They were literally roasted, and their cries attracted the inspectors' attention, who came on board at Port Townsend. Some of them died afterward.

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Another time a pig-tailed immigrant climbed into the paddlebox of a steamer at Vancouver, where he found just enough space to curl up in. It was in the month of February, and he was deluged with icy water at every revolution of the wheel. When taken out he was insensible, and on recovering he was promptly shipped back to Vancouver.

There is a story of a carload of hay that was sealed and passed across the Canada border. When it arrived on this side, a trap door in the bottom of the car opened and twenty-three Chinese laborers dropped out. They got away.

All theatrical costumes, properties and scenery, which would be otherwise dutiable, are admitted free when brought over by theatrical managers as "tools of trade."

This is a neat evasion, though in accordance with the decisions of the Courts. A manager who wants to produce a spectacular play, in which the gorgeous and expensive costumes are a special feature, is able to effect a large saving in this way.

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Animals imported for breeding purposes are on the free list, and bees of foreign strains are allowed to enter under this head. The elephant Jumbo, when brought over by Barnum, was entered as imported for breeding purposes, thus saving about $20,000 to his owner.

It is recorded that a certain customs inspector let in a lot of mules as "intended for breeding purposes," and a week after his discharge from the service he was still wondering what could have been the cause of his dismissal.

One-half of the dutiable goods taken on a captured ship in war belong to the officers and crew of the captor, but must pay duty at regular rates when brought into the country. The other half is the property of the United States Government.

When a vessel has been sunk in any harbor or river of this country for two years, and has been abandoned by the owner, the person who raises it is permitted to bring in free of duty all merchandise of every description that may be found on board.

It is worth mentioning that among the articles on the free list under the present tariff law are turtles, snails, fish-skins, fossils, insects' eggs, fish-eggs, joss sticks, dried blood punk and leeches. Natural teeth come in free, though artificial ones are taxed. Skeletons, of which about 1500 are imported annually from Paris, are free of duty.

AN UNEXPECTED SEIZURE

Two Great Navies Being Put Into War Trim

Never since Great Britain and France began the controversy over Fashoda did the situation look so ominous as at this writing. Both countries were hastening those thousand and one preparations that betoken the apprehension of a speedy international conflict.

In Great Britain unwonted activity suddenly sprang up in the great dockyards at Portsmouth, Chatham and Devonport, while emergency orders were telegraphed to Halifax and to the Esquimalt naval station on the Pacific. In France the heaviest cruisers and battle-ships in home waters were being mobilized and prepared for active service at Toulon, Brest, Cherbourg and Bizerta, the new French naval station on the Mediterranean Sea.

At the same time no one really believed that the two nations would go to the length of war. Diplomatically, Great Britain was declaring that France must quit Fashoda forthwith, and France was seeking a means of retiring without sacrificing her dignity.

Threatened Partition of the Turkish Empire

It has been growing more apparent daily that the motive of the extraordinary pilgrimage of the German Imperial party to Palestine was far beyond a pious impulse. Constantinople and St. Petersburg have both sounded the alarm that the Sultan had in contemplation a great territorial gift to his friend the Kaiser.

The inspired press of Russia has warned Turkey that even a slight cession of her territory will be the beginning of the partition, if not the ruin, of the Empire. In Constantinople, a semi-official denial of any proposed land gift has not found credence among well-informed Mussulmans.

Indications point to the port of Haifa, on the Bay of Acre and at the foot of Mount Carmel, where the Imperial party made a ceremonious landing, as the most desirable spot for the installation of German interests. The bay is the most conspicuous one on the coast, and close at hand is a German American mission colony of high promise.

What is Being Done to Educate Indian Children

William A. Jones, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his annual report for the last fiscal year, gives an interesting review of what the Government is doing in the way of education at the various reservations. There are now 147 well-equipped boarding-schools, and an equal number of day schools, in which 23,952 Indian youth are being educated.

Although only a small percentage of the pupils were sufficiently advanced to be graduated, three per cent were reported as excellent, or first-class; seventy-three per cent as good, or medium, and only twenty-four per cent. of a character on whom the benefits of school life conferred no appreciable advantages.

Commissioner Jones urged that the education of Indian children be made compulsory, and that advanced Indian pupils be transferred from their schools to larger schools in other States, and he further declared that the plan of placing Indian children in the public schools of the country, for the coeducation of the races, was not a success.

The Fashoda Incident and the Egyptian Question

Social criticism of the recent French Yellow Book on Fashoda indicated an intention on the part of the French Government to use Major Marchand's expedition as a means of "raising the whole Egyptian question." In other words, France expects to reach a point in diplomatic action where the signatories of the Berlin Treaty will find a reason for concerted action to force Great Britain out of Egypt.

The Khedive of Egypt is a nominal vassal of the Sultan of Turkey, but through the influence of European Governments, principally the English, he has gained considerable independence of his master in recent years, most notably the long-withheld rights of concluding commercial treaties with foreign Powers and of maintaining armies.

For several years prior to 1883 France and Great Britain together had large powers in the direction of the affairs of the country. In 1882 Great Britain suppressed a native insurrection and restored the authority of the Khedive, for which the Khedive abolished the joint control of England and France, and appointed instead an English financial adviser of practically supreme authority. Great Britain has since maintained an English Army of occupation, and also holds control of the reorganized Egyptian Army.

A Fatal Blow Dealt to American Railroad Pools

Considerable excitement has been created in American railroad circles by a decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that the Joint Traffic Association is an illegal organization. The substance of the decision rendered by Mr. Justice Peckham, is in these words:

> An agreement of the nature of the one which directly and effectually stifles competition, must be regarded under the statute one in restraint of trade.

The decision is regarded by railroad authorities as a fatal blow to all railroad pools. In some quarters it is held that every traffic association will be wiped out; that it will be impossible to devise a legal substitute, and that ruinous rate wars are to follow. Other authorities believe the decision will work no disturbance of legitimate railroad business, and that there will be neither demoralization nor rate cutting.

A strong conservative element in railroad business, while regretting the decision, sees in it the most effective of the long-looked-for motives for national legislation that will protect legitimate railroad management.

Spending $20 for War as Against $5 for Education

The Post recently gave a careful computation of the enormous sums annually expended by the principal nations of Europe during the fiscal year 1897-8, the aggregate being $806,287,540. It now calls attention to a comparison of some Army and Navy expenditures with those for educational purposes.

Taking the three most advanced nations of Europe, it appears that Great Britain annually spends upward of $200,000,000 for its defense to about $80,500,000 for education, Germany upward of $165,000,000 for defense to $60,000,000 for education, and France $182,000,000 for defense to $39,500,000 for education.

Contrasts with the United States, in one sense, are unfair, for till now we have had no occasion for large defensive expenditures, but it is interesting to note that our average appropriations for defense are $84,500,000, to $184,500,000 for education. We not only spend more for education than the other three nations combined, but more than either France or Germany does for defense, and nearly as much as Great Britain expends for that purpose.

France Wants Arbitration on the Matter of the Cuban Debt

For reasons previously given in these columns France has taken a keener interest in the preliminary work of the Peace Commission in Paris than any other nation. Her most influential newspapers, in utterances that are doubtless inspired in high quarters, have been giving the United States Government and its Commissioners advice and recommendations beneath the dignity of a great nation.

We are called a generous people and asked to show generosity and conciliation toward an unfortunate opponent; we are rich, therefore we should commiserate our bankrupt victim, we are strong, hence we should not deliberately increase the burdens of a defenseless people. As it is unlikely that either the United States or any other Power could force Spain to ruin herself financially by assuming the crushing load of the Cuban debt, the United States should be willing to refer that question to arbitration.

It seems early in the day to talk of arbitration, with the provisions of the protocol unfulfilled. France made no such plea when Germany forced the severe treaty of peace in 1871. Spain has already echoed the cry for arbitration, but were it not for the holders of bonds that have been [illegible] Spain and Cuba, as well as the United States, the cry would not have been [illegible].

German Plans for $92,000,000 of Canal Work

Emperor William has had prepared for the approaching session of the German Reichstag a stupendous scheme for the waterway improvement of the Empire. If his wishes are carried out, the principal water courses of Prussia will be connected from the eastern extremity of the Empire to the harbors of the German Ocean.

The scheme involves the expenditure of 360,000,000 marks (about $92,000,000), of which the largest part would be for the Mittelland Canal, the next for the Dortmund-Rhine Canal, the third for the watersheds and courses in the Oder district, and the smallest, $4,600,000, for the improvement of the Weser River. The object of the scheme is to promote internal commercial traffic.

The Work of the Protestant Episcopal Convention

A large amount of work was accomplished in the recent triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The constitution was completely revised, and a number of important amendments adopted. The new features will not become operative till after ratification by the conventions to be held in 1901.

One of the most important amendments to the constitution was that touching the absorbing question of a general union of the churches, which other denominations will consider as not going far enough toward the desired end. A proposed new canon on marriage and divorce was referred to a committee to report to the next convention. Several amendments to the existing canons were adopted.

A new diocese in Indiana was created, six missionary bishops were elected, and the boundary lines of the missionary districts in the Western and Northwestern parts of the United States were readjusted. The convention took cognizance of the new fields for Protestant church work opened up in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and discussed the desirability of extending the missionary work of the church into those fields.

Machinery Increasing the Demand for Hand Labor

In response to a joint resolution of Congress approved in 1894, Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, has recently completed what will doubtless be accepted by students of sociology as the most lucid and detailed exposition extant of the relation of machinery to hand labor. Every new machine set up displaces a certain amount of hand labor, and investigators have been working for years to determine how many persons are forced aside by each new machine, and how far mechanical work destroys or injures work hitherto done by manual labor.

After studying nearly 500 articles in which machine and hand labor could be contrasted, Commissioner Wright concludes that wages have constantly increased since the factory system was established; that under the machine method there is increased demand for labor, and that there has been a large increase in the number of persons required in the production of the articles considered, in order to meet present demands, beyond that necessary to meet the demands under the old system which employed hand labor.

The German Emperor in the Rôle of Lutheran Pope

From several quarters has come the curious reason of the German Emperor's pilgrimage to Jerusalem: that he is anxious to have himself elected or declared the head of the Lutheran Church of the world. Such an honor is ridiculous in itself, and would not be dignified with notice were it not that there are many people who believe it.

No doubt the erratic young Emperor wishes to be in all respects the first man in his own country, and as large a one as possible in the affairs of the world, and that with the sovereigns of Great Britain and Russia he would like to be head of the national church in his Empire. On the other hand it is beyond argument that the religious body that was the first to revolt against the Papacy would now be willing to place itself under the supreme direction of a monarch who is a sovereign with most autocratic powers.

The Post believes that the real object of the Kaiser's rather theatric pilgrimage to the Holy Land is to extend the prestige and commerce of Germany in Asia Minor.

New England Changes Cotton Mills Into Silk Mills

The Post has commented several times on the unsatisfactory condition of the cotton and woolen industry in New England, and it now observes that, failing to obtain the betterments deemed necessary to the life of the industry, a number of large operatives have begun the experimental manufacture of silk goods in their mills. Some of the material produced has consisted of simple fabrics, with cotton and silk as the component parts, while others comprise the more complicated weaves, and show a perfection of manufacture that will place them on a par with the products of older concerns.

It is found that the cotton looms are easily adapted to the requirements of silk, and that the average cotton weaver finds little difficulty in making the change. A weaver who has been running eight looms on cotton can take care of four when adapted to silk.

The change is being made with much secrecy, and there appears to be [illegible] who many mills that are barely [illegible] ends meet on cotton dress goods should not be profitably employed with silk fabrics.

Cuban Evacuation to be Completed by New Year's

The United States has granted Spain an additional month in which to complete the evacuation of Cuba, on the recommendation of the American Military Commissioners in Havana, and in view of the acknowledged physical impossibility of finishing the act within the time originally appointed by the President.

This concession may be regarded as an end under it formal possession of Cuba is expected to be taken on New Year's Day next. In the meantime the American troops will take military possession of the various districts as fast as they are evacuated by the Spaniards in the final movement toward Havana.

In preparation for the occupation, the President has designated the Seventh Army Corps for the purpose, and that body has been reorganized for its special work. It is under the command of Major General Fitzhugh Lee, and comprises two divisions under Major Generals J. Warren Keifer and Francis V. Greene, four brigades of infantry and one brigade of regular cavalry. Texas, Louisiana, Nebraska, Illinois, the Carolinas, Iowa, Indiana, Virginia and Missouri are represented in the Army of Occupation.

Millions of Dollars Invested in Railroad Bonds

An interesting feature of recent railroad financiering is the placing of mortgages and low interest gold bonds for extraordinarily long periods. One corporation has given a mortgage for $50,000,000 to secure four per cent. bonds running for 475 years; another has created a mortgage of $175,000,000 for the term of 100 years, and several others have negotiated similar accommodations for sums ranging from $40,000,000 to $175,000,000, at rates of from three and a half to four per cent., all for 100 year periods. It is estimated that the aggregate sum involved in these long time bonds is upward of $1,400,000,000. In general, these bonds are issued for the purpose of retiring others bearing a higher rate of interest.

ON AN AMERICAN OSTRICH FARM

By AGNES CRARY with Photographs by the Author

THE diverse tropical conditions of climate and soil in Southern California have led to almost endless experiments in new industries. Not content with the culture of the olive and citrus fruits, efforts have been made to grow coffee and pineapples.

Aside from experiments with vegetable products, two notable attempts have been made to introduce animals hitherto considered wholly unsuited to American conditions. Shortly before the Civil War the National Government imported a small herd of camels, to be used in carrying mail across the Southern deserts by the then famous Southwest route. They thrived and multiplied, but were practically useless, for the stony stretches made them footsore after the Syrian sands. A few wild camels still haunt the deserts near the Colorado River.

The other attempt, that of ostrich farming, may now be said to have entered the second stage. The show features of the business are less and less important, indeed one of the largest farms is off the line of tour people and tourists. There are two companies in California and one in Arizona, but the farm in South Pasadena is a good type of them all.

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It is located on a sandy, sloping tract of land, just under the shelter of a wooded hillside, you enter through the office of the manager, where the dressed feathers are exhibited, you step out on a little lawn, and there below you lie the corrals, a wide inclosure, totally bare except for the native oak trees.

The birds come crowding down to the fence, attracted by the rattle of corn in the pail which one of the keepers carries. But the manner of that coming! With half spread wings and tail, they are like a boat three sheets to the wind, a sort of lumber barge effect, for their clumsy motion could suggest no other craft. But it is impossible to keep to one metaphor in describing an ostrich, for, like Burns' Bonnie Lesley,

> 'Nature made her what she is
> And never made another!'

First, their snake like necks startle one; imagine a swaying yard and a half length of three inch rubber hose, with indefinite powers of extension. The head is ridiculously small, the eye large, the beak, when open, shows a tongue like a baby's, and a windpipe the size of your wrist. The legs project from the great feathery body like the old time hose from the full trunk, and are bare, except for a skin that looks as tough as the scales of an armadillo.

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About eight in the morning is the best time to see the birds, for the chicks and those under two years are then let out from the sheds, and you may see an ostrich dance.

The chicks run about excitedly, then one after another begins. The bird stops suddenly, uplifts his plumy wings, he balances on one ungainly leg with the air of a Chesterfield, and out flies the other at an impossible angle, while round and round he whirls. You wonder whom he is "giving," for the whole performance seems a broad farce. It is a parody on bird motions. There is a hesitating, mincing prance forward, which sets the whole body swaying, yet a prance, restrained, as it were, in its first impulse. You expect a stride, but the foot is set down gingerly, with the anticipated grief that comes of shoes too narrow by a last. Then the birds crowd to the fence, and you draw back, while the keeper tells stories of the loss of bonnets and bright-headed hat pins.

The present dictator in South Pasadena is a powerful young fellow, some six feet six, with their first growth of curly, black feathers, a fact which is as significant in ostrichdom as is the curled mustache of a society Adonis in swell town. His general manner, too, is not dissimilar, for he walks the earth with a lordly air. He affects indifference to the common herd, his brown eyes, with their long lashes, are aristocratic in their absence of any expression, and stare into vacancy with such truly British hauteur that one would not be startled at seeing one with a monocle.

But let another bird reach for his orange, as the boy tosses it into the corral. The invisible clip he seems to carry on his shoulder has been rudely jostled and the

AT FEEDING TIME

excitement begins. He balances, dances back and forth, and spreads wide his wings.

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Usually, by this time the offending party has imperative business in some far corner of the corral, but sometimes he, too, begins a preliminary war dance. Wide open flies the great beak, a hissing remark unsuitable for publication and then one fierce kick, aimed seemingly at nothing in particular, and hitting nothing, for the other bird is in full flight. There is a moment of triumph and preening of feathers, then the same indifference as before, but one more bird has been taught his proper place, and one more round of the political ladder has been climbed successfully.

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Still every man must meet his Waterloo, and His Majesty's comes in the form of a small dog that, to the cry of "Sick 'em, Jerry," sends the whole flock scudding across the field, forgetful of dignity, tight shoes, everything but the instinctive fear bred ages ago into their African blood. For they can kick no lower than three feet. They will attack savagely a man on horseback, but they quickly flee from the small terrier that runs beside him.

The large ostriches are all christened with famous names—famous having here a wide meaning—Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons, Mr. and Mrs. Lillian Russell, Major and Mrs. McKinley—who, thanks to a Devil's Lane of some seven feet in width, live in perfectly friendly relations to the Grover Clevelands, their next door neighbors.

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To see the Major eat oranges is one of the sights of the farm, but whether it be the bird or the packing-boxes of fruit that attract most the eye of the tourist it would be difficult to say. The birds have genuine Californian appetites, and the Major thinks nothing of two dozen oranges before his breakfast of green alfalfa chopped fine, with now and then some beets and a few turnips by way of variety.

When he sees the keeper pick up the fruit he draws near the fence, his open countenance expressive of the liveliest interest. Into that vast open the orange falls, but not to disappear. It is visible the full length of the neck as it is upshown—a sort of traveling tumor in effect. Its course, too, is almost spiral, as it twists about the neck in a corkscrew swallow—but more than this, for eight or ten oranges follow in quick succession, until the neck is full and bulging as a boy's pockets.

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Family life in the pens is not the least interesting feature of the farm. The mating is generally a love match, and for life; indeed, if the hen is killed, the cock is more likely to kick another hen to death than to receive her. The birds show no feeling toward their keepers, and cannot be tamed. Toward their chicks there is at best but a mild tolerance.

The following story, told by the owner of a farm in California, is one of many concerning the affection of mates. In the early days of the farm at Norwalk, some ten years ago, the coyotes were very troublesome, stealing down at night into the open pens, and springing on the backs of the birds.

One morning, about seven o'clock, the proprietor found a female bird dead and covered with blood. Its mate was unharmed, and stood in the corner of the pen, turning its head from side to side, and refusing to come for food. Half an hour later he found the bird dead, lying by its mate. Careful examination showed the body absolutely untouched by the coyote, and with no assignable cause for the death. Here are the bare facts; bring in your own verdict.

But let us follow the fortunes of a nesting time. The nest itself is about four feet in diameter, scooped out in the earth to the depth of nearly a foot. The hen lays some fourteen eggs, but in captivity, when the eggs are taken away, she will sometimes lay as many as sixty.

Tradition to the contrary, the birds are not at all sensitive about having the eggs handled. Another old story, that the ostrich buries her eggs in the sand, probably arose from her habit of scattering sand over them on leaving the nest. This is not to hasten their hatching, but to protect the embryo from the sun. The male sits by night, the female by day. In spite of her stupidity, she shows judgment in her care of the eggs for if the day is cold she will not leave them, if warm she takes a morning of about an hour. It takes forty days for the eggs to hatch.

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The chicks are about the size of a common hen, and are well covered with excelsior packing—or so it seems to eye and touch, for their coarse yellowish down bristles with black, wirelike curls, the spines of the plumes to be. They are able to scratch for themselves from the start; they tag their elders about by day, and by night curl under the parental wing, or, at the farm, are put under cover.

In the pens, the male is lord and master, the dignified man of family, with, however, one exception—after a plucking. Then he sidles back to the pen shamefaced; and knowing that his appearance is a disgrace to the family, he expects the coldness and even contempt which he so promptly receives, for his mate then has the upper hand and wipes out many a nagging score.

After the third year the birds are plucked every nine months, each plucking yielding an average of thirty dollars' worth of feathers. The bird is driven into a wedge shaped pen by a quick jerk a stocking of blue jeans is drawn over his head, confused and blinded, he is at the mercy of the two men who lift his wings, and, with their sharp scissors, cut away the plumes.

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Only the wings are clipped, the body feathers are picked up as they fall, a boy going over the corral every day to gather even the smallest bit of down. The feathers of the male are more valuable, especially the long white plumes. By a late process, the variegated grayish brown ones can be bleached but the color never compares in purity with the natural white. Such feathers are now dyed for all the light colors, which formerly were made from the white ones.

The health of the ostrich affects the feathers, and, for this reason, the well fed birds of the American farms produce a higher average grade than the South African, which, nevertheless, at their best, furnish the finest feathers. The birds are known to live seventy years in captivity. They breed until past fifty, and old age does not deteriorate the quality of the feathers. The cost of feeding them is comparatively slight, and one man and a boy can care for two hundred, while the cost of a pair runs from three to five hundred dollars.

As yet, the supply of feathers is not large enough to fill the home market, and has no effect on the great distributing centre, London. But there is every reason to believe that it is but a question of time before ostrich plumes will be added to the list of American contributions to the world's markets.

THE OSTRICH THEY CALL MAJOR McKINLEY

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

FAMOUS

LULLABIES

With a Decoration and Picture by Leyendecker

XLVI

SLUMBER SONG

By Anna B. Bensel

SLEEP, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain
Can touch or hurt thee ever again;
I, thy mother, will bend and sing
As I watch thee, calmly slumbering.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,
Closely sheltered from earth's alarms
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine!
Where all is mercy and love divine.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
I have wept till my heart is dry,
But now I smile as I see thee lie
With small hands crossed in death's mute prayer,
Never to reach in the wild despair
Of hunger's anguish. All is o'er!
I wept, but now I can weep no more.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
A little while I, too, shall rest
Close by the side of my baby blest.
Safe is my baby—earth's anguish done—
Safe at the feet of the Holy One.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

* * *

XLVII

A CANADIAN LULLABY

By Algernon de V. Tassin

SLEEP, my darling one, sleep,
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep,
Coldly and fiercely it snows;
Child, be thy slumbers deep—
The deeper the better, God knows.

Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands;
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands.
Gently, my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dreamlands.

Child, be thy slumbers deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep;
The mother-heart breaks for thy woes.
Death, and her half-brother Sleep!
And which is the better, who knows?

* * *

XLVIII

LULLABY

By Eugene Field

FAIR is the castle upon the hill—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
And revelers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, oh, my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, oh, my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet, my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet, my own!

XLIX

THE SWEETEST OF LULLABIES

(Translated from the German)

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father is tending his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

L

SWEET AND LOW

By Alfred Tennyson

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest.
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

LI

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

ROCK-A-BYE, baby! On the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall—
Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with their own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock-a-bye, baby! As softly it swings,
Over the cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding of cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock-a-bye, baby! So cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair;
Sleep, little baby! There's no cloud in the air.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will bury
And ache with that your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee dimpled shoulders must bear.

Rock-a-bye, baby! There's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away—
Days when its song will be changed to a moan—
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen.
Rock-a-bye, baby! Thy cradle is green.

* * *

LII

A DUTCH LULLABY

By Eugene Field

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

The First Missionary Allowed to Enter Thibet Rev. Dr. W. Le Lacheur, who recently delivered an address in New York describing his experiences in Thibet, is the first missionary who has ever been allowed to enter that country. But if one may judge from the reception given to this man, there is little difficulty in visiting the mysterious land of Thibet.

Mr. Le Lacheur says that, after leaving the Chinese Wall, he and his companions entered the robber district of Thibet, and before advancing very far came upon a band of robbers distributing spoil captured the day before; but when the reverend gentleman fell on his knees and prayed, the robbers permitted the party to pass unmolested.

The next stopping place was the town of Le Brang, a Buddhist monastery centre. Here the party of missionaries was received with all courtesy and respect, and spent several days with the high priest, and also were allowed to address the annual assembly of priests, which was convened at that time. Of course, Mr. Le Lacheur spoke of Christ and Christianity, and was rewarded by hearing that several of the priests were moved to accept the religion of Christ.

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Senator Frye and His Habits Senator Frye, as neighbor, friend and public official, has been faithful to every trust, says the New York Press. He is a zealous churchman and Sunday-school worker, legislator and alliance man. His amusements are solitaire and Senator Gorman. He is a baby at politics, caring nothing about the machinery of parties and the manipulation of votes. Gorman is a past master. Frye has always been a leader, but others have pulled the wires. Gorman has always pulled the wires, and sometimes has led. Frye is a total abstainer from a prohibition State. Gorman is a teetotaler from a State where whisky is drunk as water.

Frye is never seen where his fellow-men congregate—clubs, lobbies, etc. He is not a diner-out. As a social success he is, to make a bull, an unqualified failure. Congressional poker parties, in committee rooms or elsewhere, have no attractions for him. I have never heard of his playing. If you want to see him at night, go to the Hamilton, at Fourteenth and K Streets, where you will catch him, in his plainly furnished room, playing exciting games of solitaire.

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The Art Career of Puvis de Chavannes The late Puvis de Chavannes, the famous French painter, labored for years before he won recognition in the art world. He was graduated from the Lycée Henry IV, in Paris, passed two years in Italy, and then entered the studio of Henry Scheffer. But he found that, while he studied well under the masters, he made little progress. He finally decided to break away from the art tyrants of the day.

For eight years he sent his pictures to the Salon, only to have them rejected. In 1861 two of his pictures gained him his first recognition, and twenty-one years later he won the highest award the Salon could offer.

In 1876, when he was fifty-two years of age, the Minister of Fine Arts ordered from him a painting for the walls of the Pantheon.

"At last," the man of genius said sadly, "I may begin to earn a living."

Puvis de Chavannes is chiefly known to Americans through his admirable examples of mural decoration done in the Boston Public Library. He was well at the head in his special department of art, and the world has lost one of its finest mural decorators.

•

Cardinal Rampolla, Leo's Probable Successor In spite of the present good health of Leo XIII, speculation is rife as to who will be chosen to succeed the present Pope. As the POST has already intimated, Monseigneur Satolli, papal ablegate to America, stands an excellent chance; but it is believed that Leo himself will recommend Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State, as his successor.

Cardinal Mariano Rampolla is remarkable for his lack of strong personality. As Secretary of State to the Pope he has had little opportunity to exercise his individuality, and he has devoted himself entirely to affectionate submission to the Pope. Although he understands thoroughly the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon the head of the Catholic Church, it is doubtful if he would fill the pontifical chair as ably as the present Pope.

He is thoroughly conversant with matters of current interest, and is fully aware of the trend of public sentiment regarding the Vatican rule. But all speculation as to the next Pope must be a matter of mere conjecture. It can never be foretold as to what choice the College of Cardinals will reach. It is not always the most popular or the most promising candidate who is chosen; as some one has said, "who enters the college a Pope comes out a Cardinal."

•

A Princess Who May Become Empress of Austria Scarcely had the grief-stricken Emperor of Austria laid his Empress to rest when the politicians of Europe began delicately to broach the subject of a second marriage. They urge the need of a Hapsburg heir, and picture the stormy times which would result should the throne of Austria be left vacant at the death of Franz Josef.

But should the Emperor, after the proper time of mourning, choose to take unto himself another wife, who would be available? Certainly an alliance with an English Princess would gladden the English heart, as Austria is further from England in its family connections than any other of the Royal houses.

But Franz Josef is decidedly more partial to Spain than to England in this respect. The Queen Regent is a cousin of his, and their relations are very close. During the recent war they were in daily correspondence, and Maria Christina was ready at a moment's notice to fly to the Austrian Court in case of a Carlist rebellion. But it is not generally known that the Queen Regent of Spain has a beautiful daughter, the Princess Mercedes.

This girl is but eighteen years old; she has a most lovable disposition, and is a most graceful and charming Princess.

Her father, Alphonso XII, married her mother when he had a broken heart. His first wife, beloved Queen Mercedes, had been dead only a short time, and he longed to weep at her tomb.

But reasons of State prevented. Spain demanded an heir to the throne, so Alphonso, with grief eating out his heart, proposed to Maria Christina of Austria, who promptly accepted—for love!

When a child was born it was named Mercedes, after the dead wife. Mercedes has the loving, sweet spirit of her mother, combined with the sensitive pensiveness of her father. This young Princess has been a prime favorite with her distant and elderly cousin. She has visited the Court of Austria frequently, and loves its quiet elegance.

•

Commissioner Amy, the Friend of Bryant Francisco J. Amy, a member of the Porto Rican Commission of the United States Government, is a poet of no mean reputation. He has achieved fame both in English and Spanish verse, and his prose writings are excellent. Mr. Amy was a warm personal friend of William Cullen Bryant, and was founder and editor of the Porto Rican paper, Estudio.

Mr. Amy was born in Porto Rico, but was educated in America. While he was a student at Cheshire Military Academy, in Connecticut, he began to write verses which soon attracted considerable attention. Later he returned to his island home and founded his paper, but was compelled to give it up on account of the strict censorship. He came back to New York and entered on newspaper work. He attempted the first translation of Alarçon's "El Sombrero de Dres Picos."

The young translator took his work to Mr. Bryant, who was well acquainted with the novel in the original Spanish.

"Young man," said the poet, "I have read your manuscript carefully. Your translation is fully up to the original. I did not believe that any living man could do it." It was an hour before Amy knew whether he was asleep or awake.

From this time until he left for Porto Rico again, five years later, Amy was one of Bryant's most valued assistants. But reverses sent him back again to New York, where he has been doing literary work up to the time of his appointment as Commissioner.

•

The Valuable Services of Surgeon-General Sternberg Few officials have had to encounter so much opposition in the discharge of their duty as has fallen to the lot of the Surgeon-General of the American Army. From the day of his appointment to the office he had to face a jealousy that pervaded the entire medical department, and was only kept in bounds by the discipline of the service, and from the day that preparations for war were begun his cup has been steadily overflowing with complaints.

A record of thirty-seven years in the Army, dotted here and there with distinguished special services, does not seem to have counted for much when storms arose. His services in the field during the Civil War and the subsequent Indian campaigns were supplemented by numerous periods of detailed duty in connection with the worst yellow fever epidemics.

He became widely known at home and abroad as a high authority on yellow fever and an expert on bacteriology, and he was honored with membership in many foreign medical societies of note. In 1893, President Cleveland appointed him Surgeon-General over the heads of ten officers who were his seniors in service because of his special qualifications for the position.

•

The Favored Suitor of Queen Wilhelmina The announcement that Wilhelmina, the newly enthroned Queen of Holland, had selected from a long list of princely suitors for her hand her cousin William of Weid, gave great joy to her loyal subjects. From early childhood Her Majesty has shown that she had a will of her own, and this will combined with her youth were sufficient to indicate that when she made her choice for Royal consort the motive would be one of heart, not of political expediency.

The fortunate suitor, William Frederick Henry, belongs to an ancient and most reputable family. He is the second son of William Adolphus Maximilian Charles, Prince of Weid, and Marie, Princess of the Netherlands, and was born at Neuweid, the seat of the family in Rhenish Prussia, on March 26, 1876. He is thus four years older than the Queen. As her husband, his social and political position in Holland will be similar to that of the late Prince Consort of Great Britain, husband of Queen Victoria.

•

Lilly Martin Spencer, Veteran American Painter To have eluded the bookmen, biographers and critics for more than sixty years is one of the most self-amusing features of Mrs. Spencer's long life. Till now, owing to her extreme reticence, no book nor periodical has been able to give the public any information on her interesting career. Artists have believed her dead for many years, yet to-day, at an age exceeding eighty years, she is busy with brush and palette in her retreat near Poughkeepsie, New York.

Mrs. Spencer was born in France, and came to the United States in early girlhood. She educated herself in her art, maintained a studio in Newark, New Jersey, till about twenty-five years ago, and has put her best work upon large canvases. Her Truth Unveiling Falsehood, exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, goes as her gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1900.

At the Columbian Exposition she exhibited Old Time Music, which received a prize, and The Lover's Last Dream. She is now completing The Centennial, a great canvas, on which she has been enthusiastically engaged for more than fifty years of her life. This magnificent painting by the venerable artist is to contain life-size figures of the great Americans of the present century.

Mrs. Spencer has had no photograph of herself taken in more than forty years. The accompanying portrait is from a copyrighted photograph of a bust modeled from life, and is here used by special permission.

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Only Woman Officer in the U. S. Army Anita Newcomb McGee, M.D., Vice-General of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, and head of the Society's hospital corps, has been commissioned as an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Army, with the rank and pay of a First Lieutenant. This distinction is a recognition of her valuable service in examining and preparing women nurses for hospital work.

Doctor McGee is well known in the official and social life of Washington, being a daughter of Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer and mathematician, a granddaughter of Ferdinand R. Hassler, the first Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and the wife of Dr. W. J. McGee, of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution.

At the time of her appointment there were about seven hundred nurses in the employment of the Government who had been examined and selected by her out of over forty-three hundred applicants. Doctor McGee herself was selected for her unique office by Surgeon-General Sternberg because of her special fitness, by training and long experience, for hospital work.

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Huysmans, the Author, to Become a Monk The literary career of Joris Karl Huysmans, the author of Là-Bas, En Route, and La Cathédral, is about to be closed by his entrance into a monastery. But that step was not a surprise. He has come to the conclusion that the world is a great hollow mockery, that even the best men are unhappy.

Ever since the death of Guy de Maupassant, Huysmans has led the life of a recluse. He lived on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue de Sevres, Paris. An old and faithful housekeeper was his only servant.

His apartments were reached by a very narrow and very clean stairway. The windows were covered with imitation stained glass pictures of saint and angel. In his tiny room were fragments of statuary and all sorts of relics, while a huge bookcase took up one entire side of the apartment.

In personal appearance the author is tall, with blue eyes as innocent in their look as the eyes of the Child held in the Madonna's arms, a picture of which adorned the room. His hair is iron gray; his forehead, high; his mouth, delicate but firm. One writer has declared of Huysmans that he is a great character spoiled by misanthropy.

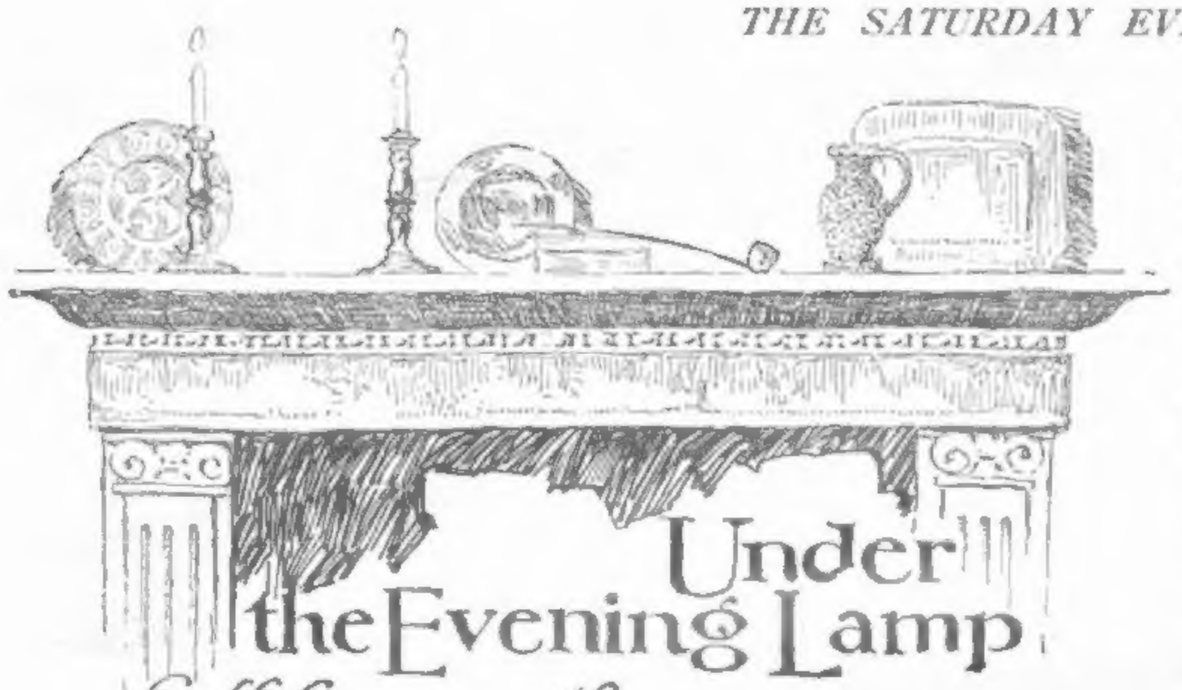
He is just finishing a life of Saint Ludwine, an interesting woman saint of Holland, who, to expiate the sins of others, spent all her life in bed, and died at the age of 73, some five centuries ago. This will probably be Huysmans' last work, if rumor be true that he is actually about to enter a monastery.

•

Miss Lucy Lee Hill's Unique Jewelry Immediately after the death of Miss Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," it was thought by many that the title would pass to the daughter of General Ambrose P. Hill, who was killed before Petersburg in 1865. The distinction, however, was selected for Miss Davis only, and expired at her death.

Miss Davis and Miss Hill were the only daughters of great Confederates who were mentioned when the preferment was about to be bestowed, at Birmingham, Alabama, four years ago. Miss Hill, who now resides in Chicago, was the god-daughter of General Robert E. Lee, and niece of General John Morgan. Her life has been romantic and somewhat thrilling from her birth.

She has been invited to attend the principal reunions of Confederate veterans during the approaching winter, and was recently tendered the use for these occasions of a remarkable set of personal ornaments. It consists of a necklace, bracelets, earrings, breast-pin, cuff-buttons and comb, each article made of buttons cut from the garments of distinguished Confederate officers, and all of them having a known history.



The Loudest Noise Ever Heard

THE loudest noise ever heard was that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As the previous night wore on, the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets.

Finally, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This huge effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Monday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make search; they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succor.

At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find what was the matter. The sounds had traveled all the way from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles.

But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise ever heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquillity had been disturbed by the grand events then transpiring at Krakatoa, 1700 miles away.

•

Feeding the Ears of the Soldiers

A RETURNED volunteer tells a story which goes to show that officers were not feasting while the men were living on ordinary Army rations, says the Philadelphia Press.

One of our Generals in Cuba entertained some visiting officers at his field quarters near the fighting line before Santiago. The fare resembled in simplicity the legendary roasted sweet potatoes of Revolutionary times, but the host's hearty welcome, and, still more, his wealth of good stories, carried along the meagre menu.

At length there came a pause. The guests were awaiting "What next," when the old negro servant was heard to hiss into the General's ear: "Give 'em another big one, General. De cook dun scorch de hardtack."

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A Quick Reply to a Telegram

A COMMERCIAL traveler wanted to know if the train was late, and ventured to ask the operator in the ticket office, says a writer in Everywhere.

"Dawnawnathawnboutut," replied the knight of the sounding-board, turning the back of his head to the questioner.

"But it is highly desirable that I should know," smiled the gatherer of orders still more pleasantly. "I can make three business calls in that hour and a half and still have fifteen minutes' margin. Don't you think you had better find out for me? It will take you only a minute or two, you know."

"Finownoth," replied the lightning manipulator, probably meaning, "Find out nothing." And he began reading the advertisement columns of a daily paper, paying no more attention to the interlocutor.

"This is a commercial as well as a railroad telegraph office?" inquired our traveler, in the blandest tones yet used during the conversation.

"Yah," curtly replied the operator, meaning "Yes."

"A telegraph blank, please."

The unfinished document was half thrown at him. He leisurely wrote a message and handed it to the other, with the money to pay for it.

The operator commenced reading it, hitting the words one by one with his pencil to count them. Before he was half through he ceased hitting and looked startledly at the writer.

"Sakes alive, man, I can't send this!" he exclaimed, giving this time each word its full sounds. "I'd lose my position!"

"And you'll lose it if you don't, I fear," replied his amiable tormentor sympathizingly. "You've no right to hold it back a minute."

The operator nervously read it over again. It ran:

> "*Superintendent Railroad:* Will you kindly tell me how many minutes late is train No. ——? It is very important that I should know, and your operator here refuses to inform me."

"Look here, now," exclaimed the operator, ignoring his newspaper and everything else except the traveler, "I really wish you wouldn't insist on sending this. I think I must be somewhat in the wrong, and I—I beg your pardon. I can find out for you in two minutes."

"Yes, I thought perhaps you could," replied the other, returning the money to his pocket, and exploiting the sweetest smile of the day, in which he was joined by several of the bystanders who had been listeners, while the operator fairly exuded information.

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The Old Beau

By EDGAR FAWCETT

HOW cracked and poor his laughter rings,
How dulled his eye, once flashing warm,
But still a courtly pathos clings
About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth and music dwells,
His wrinkled cheeks, his locks of snow,
Gleam near the grandsons of the belles
He smiled on forty years ago.

We watch him here, and half believe
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve
And tell him that the carriage waits.

—Philadelphia Times.

•

The Cost of Solomon's Temple

FEW people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire displays, have any adequate impression of the cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villapandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass were equal to the enormous sum of $34,399,110,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, or $2,876,481,015.

The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth $3,231,720,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, $10,050,000; trumpets, $1,000,000. To this add the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3300 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed $73,669,850. If their daily food was worth fifty cents each, the sum total for all was $319,385,440 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated at $12,726,685,000.

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The Religious Crusade of a Floating Church

A REAL gospel ship is about to start on a cruise which will be one of the few sea-going vessels of the kind ever constructed. It is to be built at Jeffersonville, on the Ohio River, and when completed is to start down the stream for the Mississippi River, thence south to New Orleans and through the Jetties. Once on the open sea, it will probably visit Porto Rico and Cuba, with stops at different spots in the West Indies.

The chief promoter and President of the Gospel Yacht Association is Rev. J. E. Cohenour, a minister in the Church of Christ at St. Louis, Michigan, for several years, but formerly a Baptist preacher widely known throughout the North. Mr. Cohenour has more than $7000 subscribed and ready for use, and most of the lumber for the construction of the craft has been donated.

After the ship has been equipped for travel, the promoters expect to have a good sum of money to bear the expenses of the trip, and will also collect at meetings that will be held at every landing place from Jeffersonville to New Orleans. After leaving New Orleans the ship will be anchored at the side of other vessels whenever the opportunity appears.

Work on the plan of the ship has not yet been completed in detail, and changes will be made constantly during its construction. A stock department will be maintained, where cows will be kept to furnish milk, and chickens and hogs fattened for use in the larder. The room for religious services will be capable of seating several hundred people, and will resemble a church. There will be a Sunday-school room in addition, and in the hold of the vessel there will be a pool for baptism.

In addition to the ship's crew, it is expected that there will be about fifty people constantly on board, all wearing a costume of navy blue, with white cord trimmings, and the words "Gospel Ship" in white letters across the front of the cap. The party of workers will be trained musicians, and will form a brass band and orchestra.

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Chinese Women and Their Dress

SOMEHOW it is difficult for us to credit the bold stand made by the Empress Dowager of China, when, for years, says The Sketch, we have been accustomed to think of the female population of the Celestial Empire as being remarkable only for their tiny feet, deformed from infancy by tight bandages for the simple reason that in after life the women may be easily detained as prisoners. But, although the chief part of a Chinese lady's costume may in our eyes be her tiny shoes, there still remains a great deal of interest in the other articles of her wardrobe, which consists of beautifully embroidered silk robes and satin tunics, lined in winter with the finest and softest fur.

Even the peasant women wear ornamental garments, especially the better class, who affect bright-colored tunics, such as bright blue ones worn over bright red trousers, or light blue over pink trousers.

Perhaps at the theatrical performances, which play so prominent a part in China in connection with all religious rites, are to be seen the most gorgeous costumes. The Chinese ladies spare no pains in arraying themselves at such times, and arrive in their best silks and satins, ornamented with many pearls and much jewelry, often going as far as wearing two sets of earrings at one time. Their hair is wonderfully dressed and heavily gummed, and decorated with all manner of gaudy artificial flowers; while their cheeks and lips are profusely covered with rouge, which they do not make the slightest effort to hide or to put on artistically.

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The average height of a Chinese woman is about four feet six inches; but in their trousers and tunics, which are the most common articles of female dress, they look even shorter. Before a Chinese woman is married she sends with great pomp and state to her future home her entire trousseau, which is packed in large boxes, the keys of which she brings with her when she comes, and on no account is the bridegroom ever supposed to be allowed to see what is contained in these precious trunks until after the wedding is over, when they are shown to him with much pride and ceremony.

In a number of ways the Chinese differ totally in customs from Europeans. For instance, it is considered the greatest mark of disrespect to remove one's hat in company; and the greatest compliment it is possible to pay a Chinese man or woman is to tell them they look older than they are. Again, no Chinaman or woman would, on any account, ever dream of eating off a white cloth, looking upon it with great horror and superstitious distaste, much in the same way as we would regard a winding-sheet.

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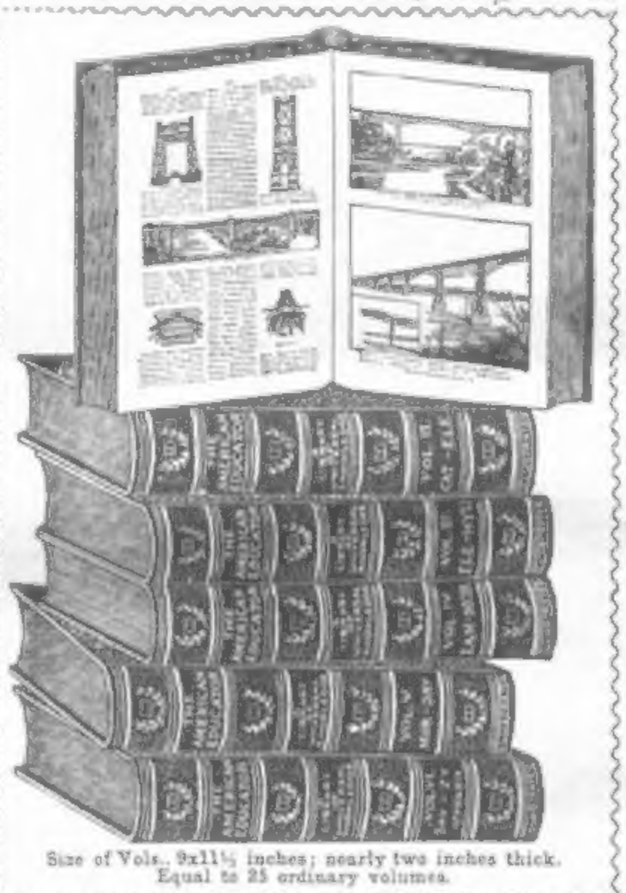

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BOOKS & BOOKMEN.

The Day's Work, by Rudyard Kipling.—There are some things which are too absurd for even a reviewer to undertake, and the placing of Mr. Kipling is one of them. That task must be left for the college youth of the next generation.

Stories, we know now, have souls. And the scheme of their salvation is near akin to the human one. The bad books are damned, though not always so promptly as they should be, and the little band of the elect live on through a delightful hereafter of new editions and sumptuous bindings. To a place in this literary heaven, the author of The Day's Work already reads his title clear.

Mr. Kipling is one of the few writers of these later years whom Mr. Howells, that ardent searcher after new literary planets, did not "discover." His star burned up in the East while Mr. Howells' telescope was sweeping the Western skies. But the people found out Plain Tales from the Hills, and decided that it was good, and they watched for what followed, and found that better. Then they suddenly woke up to an understanding that a genius—that rare bird which the critics keep telling us threatens to become as extinct as the dodo—was among them.

Yet even while they hailed him master in his chosen field, he left India and began to conquer new worlds. And in these later days, with none left to conquer, he has begun to make worlds of his own.

•

One may decide that it is absurd to write a story in which a locomotive snorts and puffs out its sorrows; or a story in which the parts of a ship discuss their new relations; or tales where horses and various other beasts talk over their experiences; but that simply shows that one hasn't read Kipling. One admits, though reluctantly, that it is hardly probable that locomotives, and capstans, and deck plates, and jungle beasts can talk, but one is equally certain that, if they could, they would talk as Kipling makes them.

The Day's Work is more than a collection of its author's latest stories—it is an almost perfect picture of Kipling's powers. Each side of his many-sided genius finds expression there. Each reader will find in it examples of the special work which makes him like Kipling better than any other living writer. But, as a whole, the tales are not of so popular a character as some of his earlier work, and "love interest" is lacking in most of them.

In running through the book, let the last be first. In The Brushwood Boy we meet Kipling's ideal young man—a manly boy, a modern Sir Galahad—clean in mind and body, pure and chivalrous in thought and action, whose love is once and for all time.

•

The Tomb of His Ancestors and William the Conqueror are both powerful tales in Mr. Kipling's best manner. Both are Indian stories. Bread Upon the Waters and The Devil and the Deep Sea are stories of sailormen, their adventures and misadventures. The Scotch engineer in the former is one of the best creations of Kipling's fancy. In fact, since his first appearance, a magazine one, all the marine engineers of fiction have become Scotch.

In .007—the author needs shriving for that title—and The Ship that Found Herself, machinery talks, and very interestingly, too. They are clever stories, but it is a cleverness that does not wholly satisfy.

About no story in the book will there be so wide a difference of opinion as the first one, The Bridge Builders. England has spanned the material chasm between her Indian subjects and herself, but there is still a great mental gulf fixed between them. Of this Mr. Kipling has made an allegory. Finlayson is building a bridge over a treacherous Indian river—"but that's another story," and every one will read it, anyway, and interpret it to his taste, or, perhaps, not at all. (Published by The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnston.—In the ruck of new writers who have made their appearance with a first book this year, there are but few who, to continue in the language of the turf, class above "selling platers."

With cheap printing, cheap paper and cheap binding, cheap writing seems to have come, until in our gloomy moments we half believe those who tell us that literature—like the peach crop—is threatened with a new disease, a book-blight, so to speak.

On the other hand, there are optimistic souls who find that there will be an overproduction of good books, now that every one writes and writes *fairly* well, so that in time even the works of genius will be a drug on the market, and writing a played-out and unprofitable profession. As a matter of fact, the proportion of the good to the bad is probably about the same as it always has been. And with books we shall find it as it has been with peaches—after a fright in the spring, lest there be too many or too few in the fall, there are, after all, just about enough good ones to go around.

In Mary Johnston, her publishers have introduced to the public a new writer who promises better than the average. Her book is a romance of Colonial Virginia in the times when color was not the mark of the slave. Godfred Landless, the hero of the story, is a follower of Cromwell, and he has been condemned to slavery in the Colonies.

An insurrection of slaves, which ends in his imprisonment, and his adventures with the daughter of his master, who has been stolen by Indians, form the basis of a story which, while it may not end as the average reader would wish, is a powerful piece of work. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

THE POST'S LITERARY TOURS

Personally Conducted Through Bookland

THE traveler who would see all the points of interest along a lengthy route must needs hurry from place to place. Afterward, he may return to some spot which has caught his fancy and linger a while.

To attempt any extended survey of all the books which have been published this fall would be unprofitable, to review them impossible. Some of them are worth a more extended notice than it is possible to give, some no more than they get, and others not so much. But each man will find among them something which he would like to bark back to and read.

Among the religious books—the gentlemanly conductor always takes tourists to the churches first—are two helpful little volumes by the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. One, Young People's Problems, is made up of advice to young people on the daily problems of life; the other, the Joy of Service, is written to show that the secret of true Christian happiness lies in a life of work; both are published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

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Natural Taxation, by Thomas G. Shearman, which the Doubleday & McClure Company publish, is a clear, able presentation of the author's belief that taxation should be levied in the form of ground rent. It is a book which every student of the problems of taxation will find of value and interest.

To take a long run, now, to fiction, the same house introduces Alfred Ollivant, a Scotchman who has written a strong novel in Bob, Son of Battle. Bob, though he is the nominal hero of the book, does not play a chief part in the romance—in fact, he is out of the love-making altogether, for he is a dog.

In the Navy; or, Father Against Son, is a stirring story of naval adventure during the Civil War. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. publish it. H. S. Canfield, who has ventured into the field where General Charles King has been so successful, has written a short novel, called A Maid of the Frontier, which is published by Rand, McNally & Co.

Boys have not been forgotten in the fall fiction—in fact, there never was a greater flood of "juveniles." T. Y. Crowell & Co. come to the front with a last volume of the popular Chilhowee series, Chilhowee Boys in Harness. In it the author, Sarah E. Morrison, follows the fortunes of John, the youngest of Parson Craik's sons.

In the Brave Days of Old, by Ruth Hall, is a story of the times of James the First, in which the hero, an English lad, manages to see a lot of those events which the schoolboy of to-day has to "recite" in history class. A most remarkable series of adventures he had, ending in America. To give the book to a boy is a good way of administering a liberal dose of history without his suspecting it. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Another historical story for youth is The Boys with Old Hickory, by Everett T. Tomlinson, published by Lee & Shepard. Its title indicates its contents, and with it the War of 1812 series closes.

The Master of the Strong Hearts, by Elbridge S. Brooks, may be a little less improving, but it is a story which will delight the hearts of boys. It centres around Custer's last rally, has Indians in it, and a boy hero who is not afraid of them. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers.

Last, but by no means least of these new books, is a volume of travel and pictures of life in Siberia, Japan, Korea, China, Formosa and the Philippines. It is called An American Cruiser in the Far East, and is by John D. Ford, Fleet Engineer of the Pacific Station. It is an entertaining and instructive book, published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

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The Adventures of François, by S. Weir Mitchell.—Back to that inexhaustible fund of comedy and tragedy on which the novelists of France and England have been drawing for a century, to those days of the French Revolution when the people found relaxation from their serfdom in a pageant of splendid horrors, played on a scaffold, the author of Hugh Wynne has gone for the scenes of his latest novel.

Foundling, thief, juggler, fencing-master was François. At the Enfants Trouvés, in Paris, we meet him first, saddening the hearts of the good fathers with his constant mirth, his joy in mere animal living and watching the animal life around him. On Sundays we find him, robed in a "nice white stole," a little pagan carolling Christian songs.

From the home and the care of the good fathers to the slums of Paris and the tutelage of an old hag, Quatre Pattes, we follow him, for François ran away and became a thief. Then comes into the story Toto, a prince among poodles, a poodle of parts, a guilefully innocent poodle, who wags his tail even while he meditates a piece of rascality.

The pair join their fortunes with those of Pierre Despard, himself a thief, but skilled in jugglery, and the three turn honest for a space. But Quatre Pattes breaks up their business, and, from juggling, François goes back to thieving, then to fencing and honesty. Step by step he is carried into the Reign of Terror, through adventure after adventure, to a safe refuge in the last chapter. His fortunes become involved with those of Ste. Luce, an aristocrat with all the virtues of his class—and all its vices. Through it all there is no love interest; it is all incident, action, adventure.

As a picture of life in the days of the Terror, in its delineation of character, François is well-nigh flawless. But as a story, it has that same defect which one marked in Hugh Wynne—the plot is too loosely woven. Yet Dr. Mitchell has accomplished the well-nigh impossible—followed a splendidly successful book with one not less strong, and only missed writing a great novel by a hair's breadth. (The Century Company, New York.)

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